

Collier's



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Albert Sterner
1906

VOL XXXVII NO 24

SEPTEMBER 8 1906

PRICE 10 CENTS



On the Glidden Tour the

OLDSMOBILE

easily equalled the performance of the cars selling for twice its price and completed the run of over 1100 miles with a perfect score.

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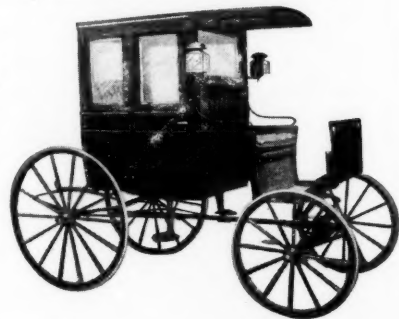
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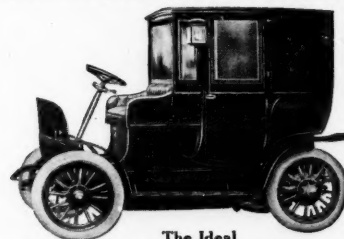
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Broughams
Landaulets

Victorias
Runabouts



The Ideal
Vehicle for Town Use

COLUMBIA ELECTRIC CARRIAGES represent the highest development of Electricity as a motive power for vehicles. They are as nearly perfect as human skill backed by unlimited resources can make them. Judged by the exacting test of daily use by thousands of ultra-discriminative men and women in all important centres of population, both at home and abroad, these Carriages easily vindicate their title to leadership. No others have so high a reputation or can claim so exclusive a class of users.

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Manufactured in a factory possessing exceptional facilities, they are as nearly perfect in simplicity of construction, efficiency and dependability, as it is possible for the most expert skill and the most painstaking care to make them.

Viewed from every standpoint they are without competition. "In a class by themselves" is the universal verdict.

That is why such an increasing number of Columbia Electric Carriages is now a feature so

noticeable and pleasing on all the fashionable driveways of the world.

In New York, in London, in Paris,—wherever Fashion dictates an equipage correct in all its appointments,—there you find Columbias.

They are, indeed, the ideal vehicles for town use. Noiseless, without odor, free from vibration, safe and easy to control, they meet in their varied styles every requirement of private carriage service,—each vehicle taking the place of an ordinary carriage with three changes of horses.

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There are five separate speeds, ranging from four to eighteen miles per hour and the controlling apparatus is so made that full headway may be obtained from a standstill.

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Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for \$5.00

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The most reliable motor cycle on earth; powerful, speedy, a great hill climber, easy to operate, inexpensive to repair and is absolutely the most economical vehicle for a single person in existence. This machine is capable of carrying a person from five to forty-five miles an hour, and can be controlled to any speed without removing the hands from the handle bars. Write for further particulars and full information.

AMERICAN MOTOR CO., Brockton, Mass.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For PRICKLY HEAT, CHAFING, and SUNBURN, and all afflictions of the skin.

Removes all odor of perspiration. De-lightful after Shaving. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, Newark, N. J.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

New York Saturday September 8 1906

Cover Design Drawn by ALBERT STERNER

The Breeches-Buoy. Full-Page Painting by W. J. AYLWARD Page 6

Editorials 7-8

What the World is Doing 9
Illustrated with Photographs

"Home Again, Home Again, From a Foreign Shore"

Cartoon by E. W. KEMBLE 12

Real Soldiers of Fortune . . . RICHARD HARDING DAVIS 13

IV.—Captain Paulo Norton McGiffin. Illustrated with Photographs

A Flaw in the Title. Double-Page Drawing by A. B. FROST 14-15

An Unsympathetic View of a Pan-American Vision

J. ORTON KERBEY 17

The Middle Ground. Story . . . EDWIN BALMER 18

Illustrated by Jay Hambidge

Children Without Childhood . . MARTHA S. BENSLEY 20

Illustrated with Photographs by James H. Hare

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The Mutual Life Insurance Company

has done as well for its policy-holders as any company. It should have done better, as has recently been shown. Under the present management all policy-holders may expect unusually favorable results. This is made reasonable by the facts that it is a strictly Mutual Company, operated under New York laws, which are now the best in the world; that its great volume of business means smaller share of expense on each policy, and that the new methods and economies, which are now a part of its constitution, will save immense sums which must go to the policy-holders, as the only proper place.

¶ Mr. Charles E. Hughes, who became famous by conducting the investigation of the Legislative Committee, and who speaks with authority, has recently said: "We have had great companies exposed to close and unsparing analysis, only to find that their solidity was as the rock of Gibraltar. I would rather take insurance in a New York company compelled to transact business under these restrictions, than in any company not so restricted, and I believe that will be the sentiment of the people of these United States."

¶ If you would like to know for yourself the latest phases of Life Insurance, or wish information concerning any form of policy, consult our nearest agent or write direct to

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, New York

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE

A NEW DEPARTMENT OF THE NATIONAL WEEKLY INTENDED ESPECIALLY FOR YOUR USE

No advertiser whose honesty the Publishers have the least reason to doubt will be allowed in these columns. Should, however, our readers discover any misrepresentation whatever, a prompt report thereof will be greatly appreciated

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10 Per Cent, Per Annum, Guaranteed on Investments. Safe and Conservative. We buy Real Estate at Wholesale and sell it at Retail. Write for particulars. INVESTORS GUARANTEE CO., Los Angeles, Cal.

Six Per Cent and Security in Denver, Colo., mortgages. Constant, substantial growth insures increase in values. We would like to invest your money or manage your Denver property. WEHUSTLE. Thompson-Olmsted Inv. Co.

OKLAHOMA
The Land of Golden Opportunities. Are you interested? If so, write us. Information furnished without cost. BILLINGSLEY & McCONNELL, Guthrie, Oklahoma.

LAND OF GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES—WESTERN TEXAS. Here you can raise anything that can be raised anywhere else in the world. Climate perfect. For fine soil of every description, for health, wood, water and stock business; Western Texas leads the world. For farms, ranches, and business opportunities in this perfect land, write J. H. Surles, Putnam, Texas. References: Senator J. W. Bailey, Washington, D. C., Senator C. A. Culberson, Washington, D. C., Governor S. W. T. Lanham, Austin, Texas, Attorney General C. K. Bell, Austin, Callahan Co., Texas.

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OWN A SUMMER HOME BY THE SEA at nominal cost, at KEANSBURG BEACH on the shore of New York Bay, 30 miles from New York City Hall, reached by train or via the elegant Sandy Hook Boats. Good lots still obtainable at \$100 to \$300 on easy terms. A neat Bungalow or Cottage can be put up for a few hundred dollars, giving you an ideal summer home. Fine bathing beach and wooded park. Excellent fishing. Send for Booklet. KEANSBURG BEACH CO., 15 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

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\$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00 and \$8.00 CASH RENT PER ACRE IS PAID FOR IMPROVED COTTON PLANTATIONS IN MISSISSIPPI. PRICES ARE \$30.00 TO \$60.00 PER ACRE. Address W. G. STIMMEL, GREENVILLE, MISSISSIPPI.

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PROFITABLE FARM near cars can boat to Boston, 287 acres, cuts 135 tons hay, milk sales \$5000, 625 fruit trees, imposing buildings. Illustrated catalog postpaid. CHAPIN FARM AGENCY, 294 Washington Street, Boston.

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SALESMEN. SIDE LINE
Brand new. Ten minutes selling exclusive one firm each town nets \$25 commission. Samples small. Specify territory and experience. E. F. R. Co., Newton, Iowa.

SALESMAN WANTED.—We want a man of standing and business acquaintance to take orders for the Fay-Sholes typewriter. Sells readily to business men, professional men, public stenographers, court reporters etc., because it is fast, simple, durable, easy to operate and does clean, beautiful work. Responsible, dignified position and pays well. State age, selling experience and references. Fay-Sholes, 994, Majestic Building, Chicago.

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Hoffmann's Piano Bargains. Good used Uprights, \$85 to \$290. Sohmer, Chickering, Steinway, Behning etc. Fine new \$275 mahogany Uprights, \$145. Send for description. Hoffmann's Music House, 537 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Est. 1863.

STEINWAY GRAND PIANO
Cost \$1230, fine condition, exchange for perfect Automobile runabout or cash.
Address 1201 St. James Building, New York.

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POPE-HARTFORD, MODEL D, TOURING CAR. Cost \$1600 last August, will sell for \$750. Painted white. Perfect running order. J. G. J., 416 W. 13th St., N. Y. C.

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For Sale. 12 Passenger Brake, Chicago M. V. Co. Car, extra freight bed. Big money maker. Fine for pleasure parties. Good condition, cost \$2500. First check for \$800 gets it. Selling—no time to devote to it. L. H. Ramsey, Lexington, Ky.

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THE SUN TYPEWRITER is the only standard visible writing typewriter retelling at low price. Write for our trial offer. Agents wanted. SUN TYPEWRITER COMPANY, 317 Broadway, New York.

WEST DISINFECTING COMPANY'S "TELEPHONE" DEVICE IS INDISPENSABLE TO MAINTENANCE PERFECT SANITARY CONDITIONS ON TELEPHONE. PRICE \$1 COMPLETE. Send for Booklet BOSTON, MASS.

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SICK DOGS MADE WELL
USE DR. DANIELS' HOME TREATMENT
Book Mailed Free.
DR. A. C. DANIELS, 173 Milk Street, BOSTON, MASS.

THE TRAVILLA KENNELS are offering some choice young stock from the most famous Maltese Terriers in America. They are very small with extremely long coats. For particulars, address Travilla Kennels, 614 East 14th St., Kansas City, Mo., enclosing stamp for reply.

HELP WANTED

IF YOU WANT BETTER SALARY or money making business learn show card and sign writing by mail; merchants want signs; they pay big money to those that can make them; all can learn; good salaries positions guaranteed, or start you in paying business; invest little money and spare time and learn trade that's fascinating and profitable. Terms, testimonials, etc., on request. MILLAR SIGN COLLEGE, Millar Building, Boston, Mass.

SALESMEN
In no other line of work are there so many desirable openings now on our lists at salaries of \$1500-\$5000. HAPGOODS, 305-307 Broadway, New York.

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OLD STAMPS AND COINS. Bought and Sold. Large Stamp or Coin Catalogue 10c. 325 different Fiji, Hawaii, etc., Stamps for 32c. 550 different Fiji, Hawaii, etc., Stamps for 95c. Joseph Negreen, 28 E. 23d St., New York.

OLD COINS WANTED. Highest prices paid for same. There are thousands of coins in circulation worth high premiums. Get posted. Send 2 stamps for lists. B. Max Mehl, Coin Dealer, P. O. Box 326, Fort Worth, Texas.

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Start Mail-Order Business. Sell goods by mail; cash orders, big profits. Conducted by anyone, anywhere. Our plan positively successful. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Write for free book. Central Supply Co., Kansas City, Mo.

"Advertisers Magazine"—The Western Monthly should be read by every advertiser and Mail-Order dealer. Best "School of Advertising" in existence. Sub. 50c. Sample copy free. The Western Monthly, 307 Grand Av., Kansas City, Mo.

OPEN POSITIONS. MANAGER \$1500. BOOKKEEPER \$1200. CLERK \$900. SALESMAN \$1800. WRITE FOR LIST AND PLAN. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY CO., 1 UNION SQUARE, N. Y.

SAFETY AND PROFIT
is a combination desired by the intelligent and conservative investor. Call on or write us for particulars of what we have to offer. J. L. RICE CO., Suite 67, International Trust Co. Bldg., 45 Milk St., Boston, Mass. (Est. 1898).

"WE WANT YOU"
To know about Mexico and its investment possibilities, and will send you The Mexican Broker free for 1 year upon receipt of your name and address. Write today. Mexican Brokerage Co., P. O. Box 2404, Mexico City. Dept. D. E.

A FEW DOLLARS will start a prosperous mail order business; we furnish catalogues and everything necessary; by our easy method failure impossible. Milburn-Hicks, Pontiac Building, Chicago.

\$3,000 A YEAR. If you earn less, go into the real estate business, insurance, loans, etc. You may make \$5,000 or \$10,000 yearly, depending on location, ability, etc. Our Correspondence Course shows how to start and be successful. Be independent. Write for free book, endorsements, etc. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF REAL ESTATE, Dept. E. DES MOINES, IOWA.

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS

The new and valuable book by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., which sensibly treats of the relations of both sexes and tells how and when to advise son and daughter, should be read by every intelligent parent. Unequaled endorsement of the press, ministry, legal and medical professions. Rich cloth binding, full gold stamp, illustrated. Price, postpaid, \$2.00. Write for "Other People's Opinions," and Table of Contents. Puritan Publishing Co., Dept. W., Philadelphia, Pa.

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by the famous writers Andre Theuriet, "Gyp" and others, are contained in "Young's Magazine." 15 to 20 complete snappy stories in every number. 10 cents for sample copy or 25 cents for 3 months' trial.
YOUNG'S MAGAZINE, Dept. B, New York.

FIRST-FRUIT

Hitherto we have had to be satisfied with telling you what a little announcement in COLLIER'S Classified Service ought to do for you. Now we are glad to be able to tell you what it will do for you. Our first batch of little want notices had been out scarcely two weeks before testimonials to their efficiency began to arrive. Merely to show the tenor of these letters we reprint a paragraph or so from a few of them:

W. F. DOLL MFG. Co. (Solid Gold Watch Cases, Jewelry, etc.):

"We desire to say that we received the best returns that we have ever had in our thirty odd years' experience in advertising, considering the amount invested."

BENJ. S. WISE ("What is home without a piano"):

"I received a large number of letters from different parts of the country—some of the mail came from Colorado, North Carolina, Illinois, Michigan, and Connecticut."

LYON CAMERA SPECIALTY CO. (The "Envelo" Plate Holder):

"I am glad to be able to tell you that the first insertion in COLLIER'S Classified Department brought us more returns for the money expended than we have ever had before from any publication. Up to this morning we had received eighty-five replies and they are still coming in at the rate of eight or ten a day. For a single little seven-line advertisement I think this is doing well."

HOW TO DO IT

Write plainly in as few words as possible a description of what you want or have to sell. (Or, if you prefer, send us a fuller description and we will have an experienced man write your advertisement without charge.) Then clip the order blank below, fill it out, and mail it with your copy.

The rate is \$2.50 an agate line (one-fourteenth of an inch). In estimating the number of lines count 8½ words to the line, and leave most of the last line for name and address. Not less than four, nor more than twelve, lines will be accepted.

Check or Post-Office Money Order should accompany each order.

[CLIP ALONG DOTTED LINE]

COLLIER'S CLASSIFIED SERVICE
416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

GENTLEMEN: Kindly enter _____ order for _____ lines _____ times, in the classified

columns of COLLIER'S. Enclosed please find \$_____ in payment. Copy attached.

Very truly yours,

(Attach the copy for your advertisement to this order)

MISCELLANEOUS

IF YOU WANT
ONE-QUARTER POUND OF DELICIOUS TEA
BLACK, GREEN OR MIXED
WITHOUT ANY SCHEME OR PRIZE
ATTACHMENT
SEND FIFTEEN CENTS TO
CULL'S MIXTURE TEA FOUNDRY
HARMONY AND MAGAZINE STREETS
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

ILLUMINATED TOY STREET CARS
Represents lighted car filled with people, headlight, red and green end lights. Greatest of all outdoor evening toys. Children fascinated on sight. Sent prepaid 60c., two for \$1.00. COLLAPSIBLE TOY CO., Danville, Ill.

Buy direct from Mill, save 2 profits. The newest weaves, latest styles in woolen and worsted fabrics for ladies' suits and skirts and men's suiting sold by the yard. Write for samples. Chambersburg Woolen Co., Chambersburg, Pa.

A FOUNTAIN MARKING BRUSH for a QUARTER postpaid (special). Superbly the old marking pot and brush. Always ready, handy and reliable. J. M. FLESS, 415 East 87th Street, New York.

CIGAR BANDS
For making fancy plates, ash trays, picture frames, etc. Send 25 for 100 with directions for making. American Band Co., Box B795, Greene, N. Y.

MINNESOTA TREES, PLANTS, SEEDS, BULBS. Send at once for free autumn catalog of Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus, Jonquils and complete line of select Dutch bulbs. The Jewell Nurseries, Box 21, Lake City, Minn.

OUR METAL SAFETY DOCUMENT BOX, with lock and 25 pockets, opens like a book. Will hold 200 private papers. \$2.00 Express paid. Sent on approval. Write for circular. A. C. Barler Mfg. Co., E. Lake St., Chicago.

Made in Wheeling in Government inspected factory, 10c. smoke for 3c. For \$1.50 I will send 50 hand-made smokes. Use 10, if not satisfactory return balance; money refunded. Ref. Bradstreet. Henry Dehm, Wheeling, W. Va.

"Two Strikes and the Bases Full" and "Fanned Out." The greatest baseball pictures ever drawn. Every "fan" wants one. 14 x 18 inches in size. 50 cents each. Return money if not satisfied. P. F. Collier & Son, 414 W. 13th St., N. Y. City.

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EDITORIAL BULLETIN



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1906

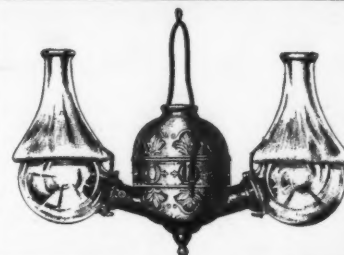
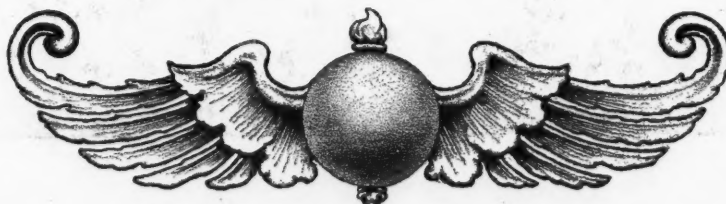
IN our next number we shall print Mr. Brandeis's article setting forth the waste and the oppression of the poor involved in the present conduct of industrial insurance by private stock companies. Mr. Brandeis will also outline a plan for conducting this wage-earners' insurance as a feature of savings banks, a method which, if adopted, will result in enormous saving to the poor.

MR. BRANDEIS'S article will be followed by another article, at a very early date, to be written by Mark Sullivan, which will show the dominant position in New Jersey politics occupied by the greatest of the industrial insurance companies, the Prudential of Newark, and its allied financial and public service corporations.

AMONG American writers of to-day, none so surely sees the world, and portrays the world in its true proportions as William Allen White of Emporia, Kansas. He sees not all the evil at once, blotting out the vision of the good; but both at the same time, and each in its right perspective. His spirit is cheerful, his vision clear and accurate, and his beliefs are sane and wholesome.

AS if ordained for such a writer is the subject which he will treat in three articles that we shall print during the coming weeks. Briefly, it is a sort of national searching of heart. He takes stock of the growth of the nation, not as measured in riches or lands, but by more spiritual standards; and he finds that "the truth about our national growth is found somewhere between the flamboyant optimism of a Republican campaign book, and the acute melancholia of Mr. Debs."

MR. WHITE believes the men are just about to have their day who, only a few years ago, were before their time and "wasted their political fragrance on the desert air as mugwumps, or as Populists, or became Socialists, and ceased enjoying their meals." He disagrees with the party managers who "generally believe that this is a passing spasm and think that with the exit of Theodore Roosevelt from the White House, political conditions will resume their former calm." On the contrary, Mr. White suggests that "the people made Roosevelt just as surely as he made them," and that "he and the people have grown wise together; and when he goes from public life, the people will keep on in the way they have set out."



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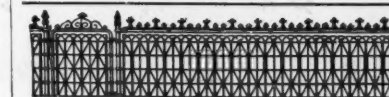
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THE BREECHES-BUOY

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

FOR THE STOCK EXCHANGE GAMBLER who sold "short" what he did not possess, and was ruined financially when Mr. HARRIMAN stacked the deck, sympathy need not reach the point of pain. The *bona fide* stockholder in the Union Pacific Railroad, who sold his shares because Mr. HARRIMAN and the other directors of the road withheld from him the true value of his property, and used their carefully concealed knowledge to induce him to sell to them at a grossly inadequate price,—such a victim has his remedy at law, difficult and expensive as it may be. Another aspect of Pirate HARRIMAN's latest hold-up is of wider aspect. What of the sources of the money which is being used to pay ten per cent dividends on the heavily watered stock of the Union Pacific Railroad? In that question every person in the United States who has contributed to the fund has an interest, and this list includes every person who has bought a California orange, a pound of prunes, a ton of ore, or any other article which ever passed as freight over the Union Pacific or the Southern Pacific.

HARRIMAN FINANCE

The freight rates on these two railroads should be the lowest, or among the lowest, in the United States, because the freight is billed, as a rule, in train-load, rather than car-load, lots; and the long-distance haul involves the minimum expense for labor in handling. As a matter of fact, however, the necessity for ten per cent dividends and Harriman coups causes the rate on these two roads to be, roughly speaking, the highest in the United States. The average freight rate per ton for all the railroads in the United States is .780 cents per mile; on the Union Pacific the rate is .982 cents per mile; and the shipper over the Southern Pacific must pay 1.014 cents per mile. Further, all over the United States, except in Mr. HARRIMAN's domain, freight rates have been reduced during the ten years from 1895 to 1904, the average of all the roads in the country having fallen from .839 in 1895 to .780 in 1904. On the Union Pacific, meantime, the rate has risen from .971 to .982. Among all American financial buccanniers first place in ruthless audacity belongs to EDWARD HENRY HARRIMAN.

FOR ITS RECENT HOUSECLEANING America is paying dear.

An advertisement in the English "Spectator" makes conspicuous this sentence: "The — has no Establishment, Directors, or Officials in America and has no Connection whatever with any American Office." This advertiser is an insurance company; but the proclamation is typical of the present English attitude toward everything that America sells abroad. To repudiate all things American is a popular virtue. To America this is, of course, a national calamity, like fire, or earthquake—just as appalling in its aggregate in dollars and cents, and just as cruel in its visitation upon innocent individual victims. An American firm, the Franco-American Food Company, which, as it happens, approximate perfection in the purity of

OUR LOSS IN ENGLAND

their products and the cleanliness of their processes, and which received a strong endorsement from President ROOSEVELT's Commissioner, began, four years ago, a slow and painstaking campaign to educate British conservatism to the use of their goods. They spent in the campaign more than a hundred thousand dollars and took an eighteen-year lease of an expensive shop on Regent Street in London. The average number of customers in that shop, during the month last reported, was just one a day; and the total business done was exactly one pound sterling less than nothing—that is to say, there were no sales at all, and one grocer returned five dollars' worth of goods which he could not sell. This company must now debate among themselves whether, as a

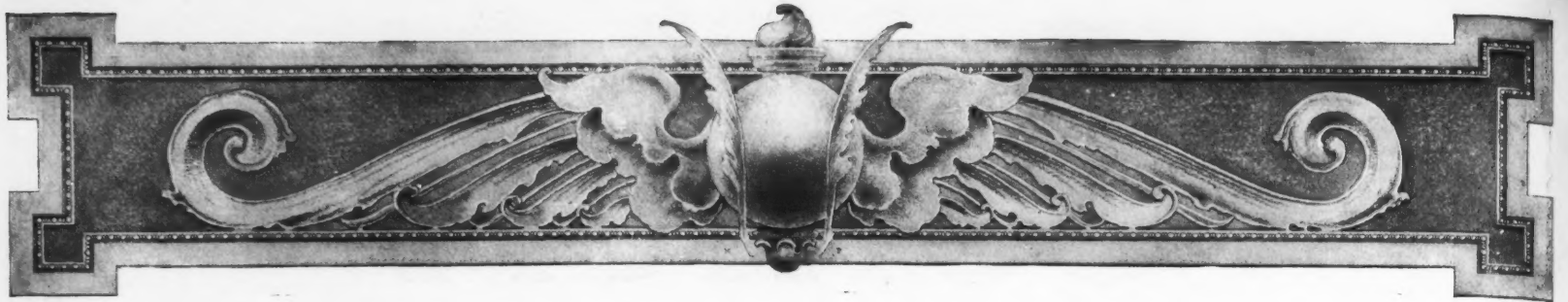
business matter, they had better swallow their loss and close the shop on Regent Street, or stay on the ground, send more good money after bad, and begin once more, under this heavy handicap of American ill-repute, the slow and tedious work of winning the confidence of the British consumer. Of such cases as this there must be scores. To devise some practical means of undoing such injustice would be a patriotic service to which boards of health, and the other agencies which have brought about our housecleaning, might well devote themselves. To mark "honest" is as much a function of boards of health as to brand "fraudulent"; and something is due to those firms which had no part in causing our food scandals.

LYNCHING IN THE SOUTH arises from conditions difficult for an outsider to appreciate. Never justly defensible, it still finds occasional excuse in the laxity of law-enforcement in certain sections. But a direct attempt to establish lynching, as a desirable and worthy institution in a general sense, reflects the public opinion neither of the South as a whole nor of any considerable portion of it. Therefore, the gloating of the Atlanta "Evening News" over a lynching, and its solicitation to more lynching, must be considered merely as an instance of individual criminality. The "News" calls for "three cheers and a tiger for the brave men of South Carolina," who have just taken part in a lynching. Further the "News" calls upon the people of Atlanta to offer \$1,000 "as a standing reward for the capture and conviction—or proper punishment—and every patriotic Southern white man knows what proper punishment means—of the guilty wretches" who commit certain sorts of crime. To regard this as representing the real sentiment of a law-abiding, law-respecting city, or of a progressive and intelligent State, would be insulting to every citizen of Atlanta and of Georgia.

REWARD FOR MURDER

Throughout the region where the negro problem is a troublous, and sometimes an alarming, permanency, there is a steadily growing tendency toward lawful methods in handling negro crime. Quick indictments, determined prosecutions, and fearless convictions of lynchers are increasingly hopeful symptoms. In every case the representative citizenship of the South has been on the side of law and order, as against violence. It would be a most unfortunate injustice to the South were the shameful performance of the Georgia newspaper to be accepted as typical. Supposing it to have been, which seems improbable, the production of a sane man, in his sober senses, it was presumably a pandering bid for a disgraceful popularity. Should any negro suffer mob violence as a result of this editorial incitation, there is no conceivable reason why the responsible publisher or owner of the Atlanta "Evening News" should not be apprehended and tried for murder, and that without the spur of one thousand dollars, or one cent, reward. Yellow journalism has never been able to carry crime further than this act of the Atlanta "News."

ACERTAIN DEATH from patent medicine is ironically described in the New York "World" as an "accident," and it is pointed out in that enterprising journal that if the patent medicine bill before the late session of the New York Legislature had been passed, "people could know exactly what poisons they were imbibing, and fatalities like this could be classed as suicides instead of homicides." The bill was killed, the "World" concludes, "probably because our Legislators had heard that the British Government collects its death duties and saw no reason why certain of our patent medicines should not collect theirs." On the very same page of the "World" with this estimable homily can be seen LYDIA PINKHAM's astringent smile, and Mr. PULITZER's list includes also Peruna and all the old favorites



among the "bracers," together with a score of less mentionable nostrums and quacks. That Mr. PULITZER has given \$2,000,000 to be devoted, upon his death, to the founding of a College of Journalism, may have been to some extent forgotten. At one time Mr. PULITZER outlined at length his plans. "From my first hour's work," he says by way of preface, "through a period of nearly forty years, I have regarded journalism as the noblest of all professions. I have always felt that I ought to do some good every day. Perhaps I have failed, but it has not been for lack of effort." If Mr. PULITZER suffers from any sentimental regret over lack of fulfilment of his daily prayer to do "some good every day," he may purchase ease of conscience for at least one hundred consecutive days by writing, to-morrow, a brief note to his business manager directing that person to throw out of the columns of the "World" the advertisement of "Old Dr. GRINDLE," and the next day a similar note respecting the advertisement of "Old Dr. EGAN," and the next day an identical note respecting any one of a hundred of the inde-

CONSISTENCY decent and fraudulent advertisements which the "World" contains. Costly? But listen to Mr. PULITZER: "The School of Journalism is to be, in my conception, not only not commercial, but anti-commercial. It is to exalt principle, knowledge, culture, at the expense of business, if need be. It is to set up ideals, to keep the counting-room in its proper place, and to make the soul of the editor the soul of the paper." Mr. PULITZER's School of Journalism will undoubtedly follow the custom of ancient colleges in giving to its prizes, scholarships, deturs, and fellowships the name of the source of income by which these scholarships and prizes are maintained. And so, unquestionably, we shall have the Dr. Kilmer Kidney, Liver, and Stomach Cure Prize for the best dissertation on the relation of ethics to journalism. Courses which Mr. PULITZER names as essential to be taught in his School are "The Principles of Journalism," "The Power of Ideas," "Public Service," and "Truth and Accuracy." Hail, therefore, the Old Dr. Grindle Fellowship in The Power of Ideas, and the Lydia E. Pinkham Scholarship in Truth and Accuracy.

THE DRAGO DOCTRINE, so warmly discussed by the Pan-American Congress and finally voted a proper topic for the Hague Conference, is but the latest protest against imprisonment for debt. In England arrest for debt was abolished in 1838, a year after DICKENS depicted the tribulations of Mr. Pickwick in the Fleet Prison. And even in France it was done away with in 1867. The doctrine named after Señor DRAGO and Dr. CALVO argues that a nation has no right to act as debt-collector for its citizens, where the debtor is another nation. It maintains that if speculators in England or Germany take up a loan issued by Argentina, for instance, that is no reason why Germany or England should seize the ports and customs of Argentina, if the debt is not paid. The speculators are assumed to have been alive to the risk, and the seizure of the customs virtually amounts to an imprisonment of the nation. Here is a subject made to the hand of some South American muck-rake novelist. A perusal of Pickwick, a study of the cobbler who had a fortune left him, and of the cadaverous gentleman who dies in prison would give the start. Alfred Jingle, the gay, the elliptical, nearly done to death in durance, points the way. Will the Hague Conference be impressed with the analogy?

NAVAL REVIEWS in time of peace are advertising merely. Taking the point of view of those who think the naval expenses need further encouragement, would it not be more effective to change the place of exhibition? Except for the President, his friends, and yachting men, Oyster Bay would hardly seem an ideal spot. For the navy itself the review meant only extra work for officers and men, the detention of several armored cruisers, and the interruption of repairs on the *Illinois*, the *Alabama*, the *Kentucky*, and the *Kearsarge*. If exciting the people about the navy is the object, millions could have seen the review had it been held in the Hudson River, for example, as they did during the last Columbian review, when the navy was in its tin-pot stage. If the Westerners, from whom comes most of the opposition to

naval expenditure, are the ones whose hearts need stimulation, a better method would be to send a fleet of gunboats and torpedo boats up the river as far as Minneapolis. This review was just a trifle personal in its reach.

EXPRESSING OPINIONS in a newspaper is not entirely self-indulgence. Mainly one can write what he imagines to be of interest to himself, but sometimes the demand of readers for editorial conviction on timely themes becomes commanding. In such a predicament are we cast by all proposals for spelling reform. When these things come along we are mildly bored or faintly amused, like the president of Harvard, rather than seriously annoyed, like the corresponding educated opinion in Great Britain. Nor is the public really interested. It doesn't care. It merely wishes to hear something **SPELLING** said, to have it over with. And soon this list of three hundred words will cease to trouble a universe that is considerable in extent and in variety of occupation. The President's Columbia College friends have had the official sanction given to their contrivance, and no harm is done. Language grows and changes. It is not peddled out by Presidents either of universities or of nations. The spelling even of White House documents will very shortly return to what it was before, and to what it will remain until changes, which no man can foresee, are slowly made by the people in their own good time.

DO OUR SCIENTISTS TALK TOO MUCH? Lord KELVIN's recent protest against the visionary pronouncements of the "radium school" carries that suggestion as a corollary. "There was a time," writes Professor HENRY ARMSTRONG, in supporting Lord KELVIN's attitude, "when the expression 'scientific caution' meant the highest degree of caution, and it was supposed to be an attribute of workers in science," and he goes on, rather caustically to opine that pure imagination is taking the place of reason and proof, in the field of radio-activity. Yet the radium workers are by no means the first sinners. Not so many years ago, the X-ray was, in the loudly heralded expectations of the investigators, to solve the inner **SCIENCE À LA MEGAPHONE** secrets of life, and liquid air to become the motive power of a reorganized civilization. The first is now a minor attribute of surgery; the second a prop of the vaudeville stage. Yet the public is ever avid of new wonders, and herein lies the excuse for those workers who let enthusiasm outrun caution in their announcements. To the scientist we moderns look for our fairy tales. He is the Grimm and the Andersen—sometimes the Aesop—of a practical age. If the lure of his own art sometimes leads him beyond the sharply defined bounds of scientific exactitude, charity may at least attribute the lapse to the human quality of finding pleasure in pleasing.

IN MEDICAL SCIENCE, CERTAINLY, there has been a lamentable lack of restraint. Here the sins of exaggeration are least pardonable, for they involve, in a tragic degree, human suffering. A recent article, based on eminent medical authority, in an American magazine of wide popularity and high character, serves to illustrate. This article announced the discovery of a cure for cancer, in trypsin. Doubtless the medical reader could discern, between the lines, the fact of wholly insufficient basis for the claim, but, to the lay mind, the ably presented statements of the enthusiast were fairly convincing. Since the publication, experiments with trypsin in America have shown it to be more harmful than helpful, while more exhaustive trials in England have led to its abandonment by the London Cancer Hospital. A few years ago this same American magazine, inspired with the best intentions, announced the **UNCONSCIOUS QUACKERY** "conquest" of tuberculosis, by a serum. Other publications took it up. Tuberculosis "cures" felt the impetus, and open quackery took its toll therefrom. The serum "cure" utterly failed to do what was claimed for it. In ten years there have been exploited more than fifty systems of "cure" for consumption, every one with sound and reputable medical backing, and every one now discarded and forgotten. The only safe rule for medical science, and particularly for its lay followers, is the crossroads statesman's rule of thumb for politics: "Be sure you're right—then wait a year!"

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

THE CHARGE UP SPELLING REFORM HILL

THOSE persons who had said that there was nothing new for President Roosevelt to accomplish were confounded when on August 24 he announced that all the letters, messages, and other documents emanating from the White House thereafter would be spelled in accordance with the recommendations of the Simplified Spelling Board. The President's action at once raised spelling reform from the rank of a subject for academic discussion to that of a burning practical issue. It was received at home with good-humored interest, but it threw the usually sedate people of England into a spasm of horror and rage. The fact that Andrew Carnegie had contributed toward the expenses of the Simplified Spelling Board had implanted a belief in the English mind that the whole scheme was the private fad of an erratic millionaire, and the announcement from Oyster Bay was taken as an impudent Roosevelt-Carnegie assault upon the language. A similar idea seemed to prevail in Paris, where it was gravely said that while Mr. Roosevelt's learning might be accepted seriously at home, "French savants" held the conviction that "none but a board of profoundly erudite university professors can tinker successfully with so sacred a matter as the national spelling-book." The French savants were evidently unaware of the fact that all the President had done was to accept in bulk, without offering a suggestion of his own, the recommendations of a board containing ten university professors, several other educational specialists, and the editors of the principal American dictionaries. To the newspaper humorists of London the whole subject of the nature and history of English words was plainly *terra incognita*. One of them, who rebuked the President from a height of superior knowledge, shared Mr. Rider Haggard's artless belief that Shakespeare spelled in the fashion now prevailing in England, and added the astonishing bit of information that Shakespeare, Milton, Gladstone, and Bright all spelled alike, whence the obvious deduction that it was sacrilege to tinker with the language they had embalmed forever.

It is not yet apparent whether the cause of spelling reform has been advanced or hindered by President Roosevelt's sudden irruption. There is some reason for believing that a movement which involves the displacement of so many old habits and prejudices may make better progress by a quiet "still hunt" than by spectacular displays of fireworks. As far as the present step is concerned it is not long enough to justify either the rage of the conservatives or the joy of the

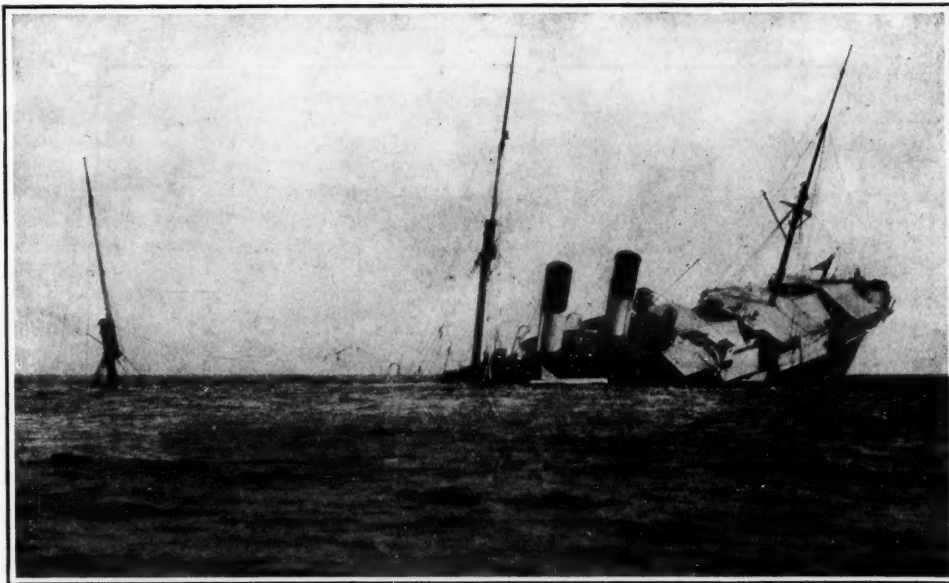
radicals. The so-called new spellings accepted by the President on the authority of the Simplified Spelling Board cover nominally three hundred words, but that number gives an altogether misleading idea of the real extent of the advance. In a very large proportion of the cases the forms proposed are already the accepted spellings in America. Such are ardor, armor, behavior, clamor, clangor, color, demeanor, enamor, endeavor, favor, flavor, honor, humor, labor, neighbor, odor, parlor, rancor, succor, tabor, tenor, tumor, valor, vapor, vigor, jail, abridgment, acknowledgment, judgment, lodgment, cyclopedia, checker, chimer, assize, civilize, criticize, idolize, legalize, naturalize, patronize, recognize, dispatch, fagot, wagon, era, ether, draft, bark, bun, check, deposit, fantasy, hock, homonym, defense, offense, pretense, license, brazen, brazier, licorice, meter, mold, mullen, phenomenon, pigmy, raze, vizor,

If the proposed reform stopped here all the laborious efforts of the newspaper wits to reconstruct English literature in the style of Artemus Ward would lack that element of verisimilitude essential to true humor. But the disquieting feature of the situation for the conservatives is the fact that the present step is described as a mere beginning. The Simplified Spelling Board is expected to add new words to its list from time to time, and the President is pledged to accept them all as they come. Hence the fear that before we realize our fatal drift we may find ourselves fairly launched upon a new "langwij." President Roosevelt is credited with the belief that, with its anomalies of spelling pruned away, English may supersede French as the language of diplomacy, as well as find its way smoothed toward the position of the universal language of commerce. Unfortunately the very thing that is expected to promote the spread of

English into new fields may cripple it in its present ones, for if America embarks unreservedly upon the policy of spelling reform and England refuses to keep step, we may find written, if not spoken, English divided into two dialects. Considering the stubbornness with which writers and publishers in England have resisted such small and obviously desirable reforms as the use of "favor" and "honor," against which there was never any argument, but only an unreasoning prejudice, the prospect of their early acceptance of a scheme of wholesale change seems rather remote, even though it be favored by the body of English philological authority, headed by Professor Skeat and Dr. Murray, the editor of the Oxford Dictionary.

In this country the President's action started a bull market for spelling reform. Mr. Stillings, the Public Printer, expressed his de-

light at the new policy, and promised to carry it throughout the Government Printing Office to the extent of his authority. The indications are that the great bulk of the Government printing will soon appear in reformed spelling. Many newspapers and periodicals have applied to the Simplified Spelling Board for copies of the model list for the use of their editors, contributors, and proof-readers. Some railroads and other corporations have indicated their intention to adopt the revised spelling in their correspondence and literature. It has been found that business men and trade papers receive the change with hospitality. President Roosevelt has made it reasonably certain that some forms of words which seem strange to us will be familiar to the future Americans, however they may affect the coming generation of Englishmen.



The Italian passenger steamship "Sirio," which ran on a rock off the coast of Spain near Cartagena, with a loss of three hundred lives. Those who were drowned were chiefly Italian immigrants on their way from their homes to South America. The photograph was taken at low tide; at high water the vessel is almost wholly submerged. It is a total loss

and woolen. Others, like anesthesia, antitoxin, artizan, bur, caliber, caliper, center, cue, dram, dulness, epaulet, gage, gelatin, hiccup, instil, maneuver, molder, niter, partizan, subpena, and theater, are so familiar that the sight of them gives nobody a shock. The old poetical ending of "t" instead of "ed" for the past and past participles of verbs ending in "s," "sh," or "p" is restored, as in "prest," "distrest," and "washt." Silent terminations in "gh," "ue," and "me" are dropped wherever possible, giving such words as "tho," "catalog," and "program," instead of "though," "catalogue," and "programme." Aside from these classes only a few words among the reformed three hundred are unfamiliar to American eyes. Adz, fantasm, parafin, silvan, sulfate, and sulfur about exhaust the list.



WOMEN WHOSE BRILLIANT ADVOCACY OF THEIR RIGHTS MADE EUROPE TAKE NOTICE

The delegates and speakers of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance in the court of the Town Hall at Copenhagen

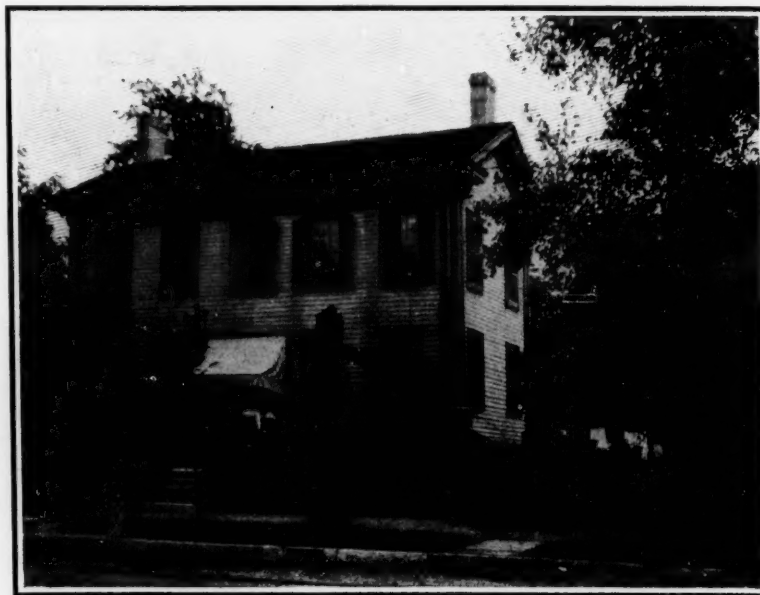
OUR BURNT OFFERINGS

NOW that the world has had two historic conflagrations within four months the people of this country may be in a humor to take serious thought of the means of checking the appalling waste that goes on every year through our policy of flimsy construction. The International Society of Building Commissioners and Inspectors calls attention to the fact that we have in the United States eleven and a half million buildings, valued at fourteen billion five hundred million dollars, or more than all the railroads in the country put together, and it asserts that of all these just *one* is absolutely fireproof. That one was built in Chicago by the great insurance companies for a testing laboratory. There are only four thousand buildings—about one in three thousand—that are even nominally fireproof, and these can be damaged in a conflagration to the extent of from thirty to ninety per cent of their value. Yet the unburnable Underwriters' Laboratory in Chicago, with its walls of vitrified brick, floors, roof, and partitions of semi-porous, hollow terra-cotta, door and window openings framed in rolled steel, window frames and sashes of sheet metal, doors of filled copper and steel, and stairs of hollow terra-cotta, cost only twelve per cent more than a building that would shrivel up at the first breath of an advancing fire.

In 1905, which was a "normal year," we spent \$500,000,000 for new buildings and burned old ones to the value of \$200,000,000. We paid \$300,000,000 for fighting fire and \$195,000,000 in fire insurance premiums, of which we got back \$95,000,000 from the companies in payment for losses. Hence even if we do not count that last \$95,000,000 as a deduction from the wealth of the community, which, of course, it was, it cost us more to burn part of our old buildings and protect the rest from burning than it did to put up all our new ones. And that was in a normal year. This year is not normal. This year San Francisco has raised the fire losses of the United States to five hundred million dollars, even if we do not let another city burn down between now and next January. If we should burn up the whole of our bonanza wheat crop, on which we are relying to give us prosperity, we should think the country had suffered a calamity; yet it is doubtful whether that whole crop would pay for the property we

actually have burned and are burning this year. Our entire year's gold supply would not pay for a sixth of it. The entire gold production of the world would not come anywhere near paying for it all.

The \$500,000,000 worth of buildings which we put up in a year to burn down would cost about \$550,000,000 if they were built not to burn down. For the extra \$50,000,000 we could save most of the \$500,000,000 we pay in normal years for fires and fire protection. In other words, we should have the equivalent of another wheat or cotton crop added every year to the national wealth.



THE FALL OF THE LINCOLN ELM

This tree was planted by Abraham Lincoln in front of his house at Springfield, Illinois, on the day he left for Washington to be inaugurated as President. It was blown over by a fierce storm that struck Springfield on the night of Friday, August 17, 1906. The neighbors of Lincoln took great pride in this elm and its loss shocked the city. It is expected that the tree will now be cut to pieces and its remains converted into souvenirs.

The Society of Building Commissioners and Inspectors thinks that this subject is worth the attention of our lawmakers and underwriters. It has proposed a uniform law, to be introduced into the legislature of every State, making stricter requirements for building; it urges that insurance rates upon fire-traps should be prohibitive, and it suggests that instead of fining builders in increased taxes when they do good work we should make the taxes lighter on solid buildings and heavier on those that are most dangerous to the community and most burdensome in their demands for fire protection.

CZAR AND PEOPLE

TERROR in Russia has taken the form of systematic murders of policemen and minor officials, paralyzing the Government through its instruments. So far has this gone that a patrolman's beat is more dangerous than the post of a sentinel in time of war. Fifty-eight officers have been killed and almost as many wounded in a single week.

In the hope of conciliating the peasantry the Government has prepared a scheme of land distribution, to be put forward as its bid for support at the elections. Twenty million acres, part belonging to the Crown and part to the nobility, are to be offered on easy terms through the Peasants' Bank. The peasants are to make payments in negotiable instalment notes. At the same time most of the restrictions upon the liberty of the peasants are to be removed.

The nobility, as an organization, has resolved to support the Government against the revolutionists, and this is the first break in the complete isolation of the bureaucracy from the nation. The nobles, as landowners, have dreaded the practical confiscation of estates that seemed to be implied in the policy of the radical parties. But while they are strong in the Zemstvo organizations, and have succeeded in defeating the Constitutional Democrats in the elections for those bodies throughout the empire, the Constitutional Democratic investigators report that the masses of the people are becoming more radical all the time, and will show it in the elections for the new Duma. Meantime the troops, on whom the Government depends as its only salvation, are becoming more and more mutinous. Impending crop failure and famine make the situation worse for the Czar.

The duel between the Government and the Terrorists culminated on August 25 in a desperate attempt to murder Premier Stolypin with a bomb while he was giving an official reception. The Premier escaped, but his fifteen-year-old daughter was frightfully and his little son severely wounded. Thirty-two persons, many of them prominent in the government service, lost their lives, and many more were injured. On the next evening General Min, commander of the Seminovsky Guard Regiment, who had won the hatred of the revolutionists by his vigorous methods, was shot dead by a girl on the platform of the railway station at Peterhof.

WAR IN CUBA

THE Roman peace that had reigned in Cuba since the American intervention was broken soon after the middle of August. The undercurrent of discontent and secret plots against the Palma Government led on the 19th to the arrest of a number of Liberal leaders. General Carlos Garcia Velez and his brother Fausto, ex-Senator Montezudo, Colonel Manuel Piedra, and General Enrique del Castillo were arrested at Havana, charged with conspiracy against the Government and against the life of President Palma. At the same time, on telegraphic orders, the police of Santiago arrested Juan Gualberto Gomez and Demetrio Castillo, who had been stirring up discontent in that region.

This action precipitated the revolt which had been brewing for some time. The Rural Guards in the Province of Pinar del Rio had two collisions with insurgents on the same day. On the 20th President Palma put the Secretary of Public Works, General Rafael Montavo, in charge of military operations and increased the Rural Guards to four thousand men.

The insurgent forces rapidly swelled. Quentin Bandera, the negro leader, who had made a name in the war against the Spaniards, led a guerrilla band in Havana Province, and clashed with the Rurales on the 20th at Hoyo Colorado, twenty miles from the capital. The insurgents were dispersed, and on the 21st Bandera himself was killed in another fight near Punta Brava, fifteen miles from Havana. The principal rebel leader was Pino Guerra, who succeeded within two days after the outbreak of the insurrection in raising a force estimated at 2,600 men. He began his operations in the Province of Pinar del Rio, where one of his bands captured the considerable town of San Luis on the 22d. The Rural Guards had been divided, and the small force at San Luis was beaten and could not hold the place. On the 23d Guerra occupied San Juan de Martinez, eighteen miles from Pinar del Rio, the Rural Guards taking to flight on his appearance.

The revolutionists accused the Government of tyranny, stealing elections, disregard of the claims of the Liberators to official jobs, and partiality toward Spaniards and former autonomists. Their real purpose was believed to be to force American intervention. Under the Platt Amendment, which governs the relations between Cuba and the United States, the American Government has the right to interfere to preserve order. It is the knowledge of this fact which has discouraged revolution hitherto. Now the majority of the people are ready to welcome such interference, even, or especially, if it leads to annexation, as it is freely predicted it will. The American settlers on the Isle of Pines, who have been vainly trying to induce our Government to claim title to that island, are enthusiastic backers of the revolution, giving it a valuable base of supplies. President Roosevelt did not welcome the Cuban revolt with as much alacrity as that against Colombia in Panama, and showed a disposition to delay intervention as long as possible and to give the Palma Government every opportunity to restore order by itself.

Although the Provinces of Havana, Santa Clara, and Pinar del Rio were speckled with new rebel bands, springing up from hour to hour, the Cuban Government professed its confidence in its ability to suppress the insurrection without calling for American aid. It did, however, order a number of rapid-fire guns from an American manufacturing company and arranged for having them manned by former-artillerymen of the United States service. On the other hand, the insurgent forces were supplied with arms and ammunition from American



LIBERTY TAKING TO THE WOODS

Members of the Russian Duma meeting in the forest at Terioki, Finland, after the dissolution

sources. During the revolution against Spain such supplies were constantly landed on the island in spite of the fact that the entire coast was patrolled by a cordon of Spanish gunboats. The fact that the Cuban Government has no navy to speak of makes such operations easy now. Some of the American sympathizers with the present insurrection have appealed to President Roosevelt to interfere for the purpose of securing a fair election in



BUTCHERING TO MAKE A FINNISH HOLIDAY

Crowds from Helsingfors watching the battle around the Sveaborg forts

Cuba. If the choice of the majority of voters at such an election shall be seated in the Presidential chair, they say, "all the men in arms will depose them within twenty-four hours, and the revolution will be over." But the Government at Washington realizes that any intervention on our part, however necessary, would revive the South American jealousies so happily laid to rest by Secretary Root, and give Europe a chance to impeach our sincerity.

PHASES OF POLITICS

MR. BRYAN returns to find himself, so far as mortal eye can see at this time, the inevitable candidate of his party for 1908. The crucial test of his popularity was made in Illinois. There Roger Sullivan, whom Mr. Bryan had ordered off the National Committee, was in absolute control of the State Convention. Sullivan had refused to obey orders, and thereupon Mr. Bryan had sent word from Europe that unless the convention

chose a new member of the National Committee he did not want its endorsement for himself. Yet, although two-thirds of the convention belonged to Sullivan, and uproariously rejected Bryan's request for his removal, and although Sullivan and his friends bitterly resented the candidate's interference, all hands insisted on giving Bryan the endorsement he had repudiated in advance. The platform declared that for President in 1908 the Democrats of Illinois had but one choice, first and last — William Jennings Bryan. It added:

"In this period of official hypocrisy, political corruption, and cowardly surrender of principle to expediency wherever Republicanism holds sway, William Jennings Bryan towers above all Americans as fittest to lead in the fight to rescue our Government from the hands of special interests and restore it to all the people."

"The time calls for a President of Bryan's honesty, sincerity, and political philosophy."

On August 22, the day after the curious happenings in Illinois, the Democrats of Ohio composed their local option and Tom Johnson wranglings sufficiently to agree upon a resolution welcoming Mr. Bryan as "the most distinguished private citizen of America," renewing their "allegiance to his brilliant and matchless leadership," and telling how they "impatiently awaited" "the summons to battle under his banner." Although Representative Garber defeated

Mayor Johnson for the control of the State organization he was unable to force either his platform or his ticket through the convention.

The real election for Governor of Georgia, that of October being only a formal ratification, took place on August 22 at the Democratic primaries, with surprising results. Hoke Smith, who had been fighting a combination of four other candidates in a campaign of unsurpassed virulence, beat all his opponents with ridiculous ease. The four anti-Hoke Smith candidates included Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta "Constitution," who had been considered invincible; J. H. Estell, editor of the Savannah "News"; Judge R. B. Russell, and James M. Smith. The successful aspirant's strongest card was negro disfranchisement on the Alabama plan. His opponents did not venture to meet him on the issue of equal rights, but they charged that his scheme would bar illiterate white men and allow educated negroes to

vote. This Mr. Smith denied, insisting that he would not disfranchise a single white voter. He also appealed to anti-corporation sentiment, promising to free the Democracy from the control of a railroad ring and secure lower freight rates. Mr. Smith, who served in President Cleveland's cabinet, but who was never before a candidate for an elective office, carried six-sevenths of all the counties of Georgia against his four opponents combined.



"HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN,
FROM A FOREIGN SHORE"

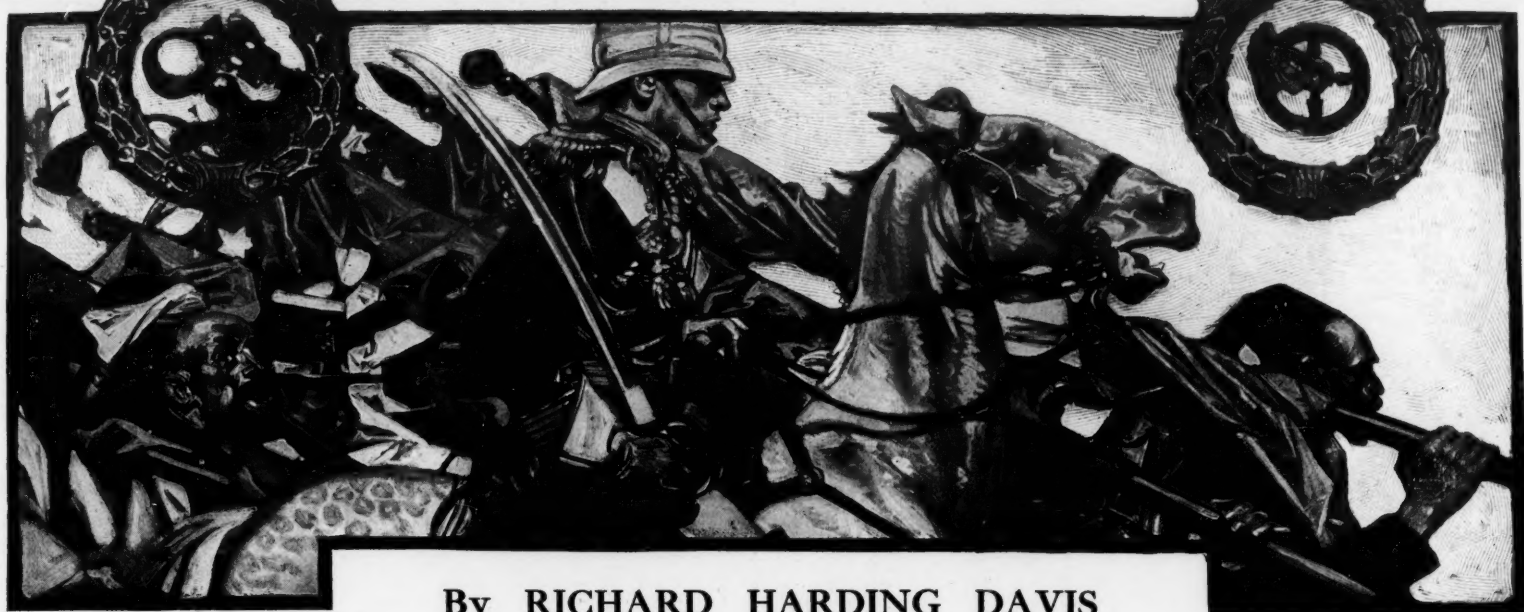
"We are for William Jennings Bryan even if he won't have us."—*Democratic Convention of Illinois.*

"The Bryan boom continues to roll and roar over the land. Wherever a few or many men are gathered in the name of Democracy there also will be the dominating spirit of Bryan; there also will be the overmastering influence of Bryanism."—*Washington Post, Independent.*

"Come along, Mr. Bryan—right along home—to tell us once more a thrice-told tale that still has music in it."—*Louisville Courier-Journal, Democratic.*

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

REAL SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE



By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

This is the fourth of a series of six articles by Mr. Davis describing the most interesting incidents in the careers of men who devoted their lives to adventure. The first three recounted the adventures of General Henry R. D. MacIver, Baron James Harden-Hickey, and Winston Spencer Churchill, now in the British Government

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IV.—CAPTAIN PHILO NORTON MCGIFFIN

IN the Chinese-Japanese War the battle of the Yalu was the first battle fought between warships of modern make, and, except on paper, neither the men who made them nor the men who fought them knew what the ships could do, or what they might not do. For years every naval power had been building these new engines of war, and in the battle which was to test them the whole world was interested. But in this battle Americans had a special interest, a human, family interest, for the reason that one of the Chinese squadron, which was matched against some of the same vessels of Japan which lately swept those of Russia from the sea, was commanded by a young graduate of the American Naval College. This young man, who, at the time of the battle of the Yalu, was thirty-three years old, was Captain Philo Norton McGiffin. So it appears that five years before our fleet sailed to victory in Manila Bay another graduate of Annapolis, and one twenty years younger than in 1898 was Admiral Dewey, had commanded in action a modern battleship, which, in tonnage, armament, and in the number of the ship's company, far out-classed Dewey's *Olympia*.

One of the Fighting Macs

McGiffin, who was born on December 13, 1860, came of fighting stock. Back in Scotland the family is descended from the Clan MacGregor and the Clan MacAlpine.

"These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true,
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu."

McGiffin's great-grandfather, born in Scotland, emigrated to this country and settled in "Little Washington," near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In the Revolutionary War he was a soldier. Other relatives fought in the War of 1812, one of them holding a commission as major. McGiffin's own father was Colonel Norton McGiffin, who served in the Mexican War, and in the Civil War was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 85th Pennsylvania Volunteers. So McGiffin inherited his love for arms.

In Washington he went to the high school and at the Washington Jefferson College had passed through his freshman year. But the honors that might accrue to him if he continued to live on in the quiet and pretty old town of Washington did not tempt him. To escape into the world he wrote his Congressman, begging him to obtain for him an appointment at Annapolis. The Congressman liked the letter, and wrote Colonel McGiffin to ask if the application of his son had his approval. Colonel McGiffin was willing, and in 1877 his son received his commission as cadet midshipman. I knew McGiffin only as a boy with whom in vacation time I went coon hunting in the woods outside of Washington. For his age he was a very tall boy, and in his midshipman undress uniform, to my youthful eyes, a most bold and adventurous spirit.

At Annapolis his record seems to show he was pretty

much like other boys. According to his classmates, with all of whom I find he was very popular, he stood high in the practical studies, such as seamanship, gunnery, navigation, and steam engineering, but in all else he was near the foot of the class, and in whatever escapade was risky and reckless he was always one of the leaders. To him discipline was extremely irksome. He could maintain it among others, but when it applied to himself it bored him. On the floor of the Academy

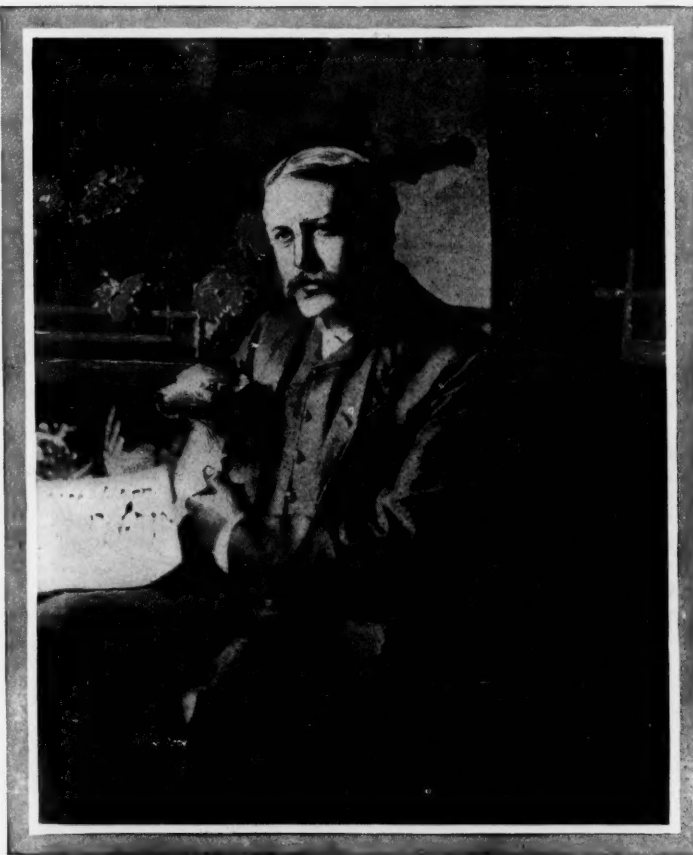
they were extremely dangerous. But an officer approached McGiffin in the rear, and, having been caught in the act, he was sent to the prison ship. There he made good friends with his jailer, an old man-of-war named "Mike." He will be remembered by many naval officers who as midshipmen served on the *Santee*. McGiffin so won over Mike that when he left the ship he carried with him six charges of gunpowder. These he loaded into the six big guns captured in the Mexican War, which lay on the grass in the centre of the Academy grounds, and at midnight on the eve of the 1st of July he fired a salute. It aroused the entire garrison, and for a week the empty window frames kept the glaziers busy.

Puzzles for Famine Sufferers

About 1878 or 1879 there was a famine in Ireland. The people of New York City contributed provisions for the sufferers, and to carry the supplies to Ireland the Government authorized the use of the old *Constellation*. At the time the voyage was to begin each cadet was instructed to consider himself as having been placed in command of the *Constellation* and to write a report on the preparations made for the voyage, of the loading of the vessel, and of the distribution of the stores. This exercise was intended for the instruction of the cadets; first in the matter of seamanship and navigation, and second in making official reports. At that time it was a very difficult operation to get a gun out of the port of a vessel where the gun was on a covered deck. To do this the necessary tackles had to be rigged from the yardarm and the yard and mast properly braced and stayed, and then the lower block of the tackle carried in through the gun port, which, of course, gave the fall a very bad reeve. The first part of McGiffin's report dealt with a new method of dismounting the guns and carrying them through the gun ports, and so admirable was his plan, so simple and ingenious, that it was used whenever it became necessary to dismount a gun from one of the old sailing ships. Having, however, offered this piece of good work, McGiffin's report proceeded to tell of the division of the ship into compartments, which were filled with a miscellaneous assortment of stores, which included the old "fifteen puzzles," at that particular time very popular. The report terminated with a description of the joy of the famished Irish as they received the puzzle-boxes. At another time the cadets were required to write a report telling of the suppression of the insurrection on the Isthmus of Panama. McGiffin

won great praise for the military arrangements and disposition of his men, but, in the same report, he went on to describe how he armed them with a new gun known as Baines's Rhetoric and told of the havoc he wrought in the enemy's ranks when he fired these guns loaded with similes and metaphors and hyperboles.

Of course, after each exhibition of this sort he was sent to the *Santee*, and given an opportunity to meditate.



M'GIFFIN IN A PERIOD OF CALM

Superintendent of the Chinese Naval College at the age of thirty-two

building on which was his room there was a pyramid of cannon balls—relics of the War of 1812. They stood at the head of the stairs, and one warm night, when he could not sleep, he decided that no one else should do so, and, one by one, rolled the cannon balls down the stairs. They tore away the banisters and bumped through the wooden steps and leaped off into the lower halls. For any one who might think of ascending to discover the motive power back of the bombardment



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A FLAW IN T

DRAWN BY B.



A.B. FROST.

N THE TITLE

N BY B. FROST

On another occasion, when one of the instructors lectured to the cadets, he required them to submit a written statement embodying all that they could recall of what had been said at the lecture. One of the rules concerning this report provided that there should be no erasures or interlineations, but that when mistakes were made the objectionable or incorrect expressions should be included within parentheses; and that the matter so enclosed within parentheses would not be considered a part of the report. McGiffin wrote an excellent *résumé* of the lecture, but he dispersed through it in parentheses such words as "applause," "cheers," "cat-calls," and "groans," and as these words were enclosed within parentheses he insisted that they did not count, and made a very fair plea that he ought not to be punished for words which slipped in by mistake, and which he had officially obliterated by what he called oblivion marks.

He was not always on mischief bent. On one occasion, when the house of a professor caught fire, McGiffin ran into the flames and carried out two children, for which act he was commended by the Secretary of the Navy.

It was an act of Congress that determined that the career of McGiffin should be that of a soldier of fortune. This was a most unjust act, which provided that only as many midshipmen should receive commissions as on the warships there were actual vacancies. In those days, in 1884, our navy was very small. To-day there is hardly a ship having her full complement of officers, and the difficulty is not to get rid of those we have educated, but to get officers to educate. To the many boys who, on the promise that they would be officers of the navy, had worked for four years at the Academy and served two years at sea, the act was most unfair. Out of a class of about ninety, only the first twelve were given commissions and the remaining eighty turned adrift upon the uncertain seas of civil life. As a sop, each was given one thousand dollars. McGiffin was not one of the chosen twelve. In the final examinations on the list he was well toward the tail. But without having studied many things, and without remembering the greater part of them, no one graduates from Annapolis, even last on the list, and with his one thousand dollars in cash, McGiffin had also this six years of education at what was then the best naval college in the world. This was his only asset—his education—and as in his own country it was impossible to dispose of it, for possible purchasers he looked abroad.

At that time the Tong King war was on between France and China, and he decided, before it grew rusty, to offer his knowledge to the followers of the Yellow Dragon. In those days that was a hazard of new fortunes that meant much more than it does now. To-day the East is as near as San Francisco; the Japanese-Russian War, our occupation of the Philippines, the part played by our troops in the Boxer trouble, have made the affairs of China part of the daily reading of every one. Now, one can step into a brass bed at Forty-second Street and in four days at the Coast get into another brass bed and in twelve more be spinning down the Bund of Yokohama in a rickshaw. People go to Japan for the winter months as they used to go to Cairo.

But in 1885 it was no such light undertaking, certainly not for a young man who had been brought up in the quiet atmosphere of an inland town, where generations of his family and other families had lived and intermarried, content with their surroundings.

With very few of his thousand dollars left him, McGiffin arrived, in February, 1885, in San Francisco. From there his letters to his family give one the picture of a healthy, warm-hearted youth, chiefly anxious lest his mother and sister should "worry."

In our country nearly every family knows that domestic tragedy when the son and heir "breaks home ties," and starts out to earn a living; and if all the world loves a lover, it at least sympathizes with the boy who is "looking for a job." The boy who is looking for the job may not think so, but each of those who has passed through the same hard place gives him, if nothing else, his good wishes. McGiffin's letters at this period gain for him from those who have had the privilege to read them the warmest good feeling.

They are filled with the same cheery optimism, the same swelling-over of his troubles, the same homely jokes, the same assurances that he is feeling "bully," and that it all will come out right, that every boy, when he starts out in the world, sends back to every mother.

"I am in first-rate health and spirits, so I don't want you to fuss about me. I am big enough and ugly enough to scratch along somehow, and I will not starve."

To his mother he proudly sends his name written in Chinese characters, as he had been taught to write it by the Chinese Consul-General in San Francisco, and a pen-picture of two elephants. "I am going to bring you home two of these," he writes, not knowing that in the strange and wonderful country to which he is going elephants are as infrequent as they are in Pittsburg.

He reached China in April, and from Nagasaki on his way to Shanghai the steamer that carried him was chased by two French gunboats. But, apparently much to his disappointment, she soon ran out of range of their guns. Though he did not know it then, with the enemy he had traveled so far to fight this was his first and last hostile meeting; for already peace was in the air.



Captain McGiffin on graduation from the Naval Academy at 23



In the hospital after the battle of the Yalu ten years later

TWO STAGES IN THE CAREER OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

Of that and of how, in spite of peace, he obtained the "job" he wanted, he must tell you himself in a letter home:

"MY DEAR MOTHER—I have not felt much in the humor for writing, for I did not know what was going to happen. I spent a good deal of money coming out, and when I got here, I knew, unless something turned up, I was a gone coon. We got off Taku forts Sunday evening and the next morning we went inside; the channel is very narrow and sown with torpedoes. We struck one—an electric one—in coming up, but it didn't go off. We were until 10.30 P. M. in coming up to Tien-Tsin—30 miles in a straight line, but nearly 70 by the river, which is only about 100 feet wide—and we grounded ten times.

"Well—at last we moored and went ashore. Brace Girdle, an engineer, and I went to the hotel, and the first thing we heard was—that peace was declared! I went back on board ship, and I didn't sleep much—I never was so blue in my life. I knew if they didn't want me that I might as well give up the ghost, for I could never get away from China. Well—I worried around all night without sleep, and in the morning I felt as if I had been drawn through a knot-hole. I must have lost ten lbs. I went around about 10 A. M. and gave my letters to Pethick, an American U. S. Vice-Consul and interpreter to Li Hung Chang. He said he would fix them for me. Then I went back to the ship, and as our captain was going up to see Li Hung Chang, I went along out of desperation. We got in, and after a while were taken in through corridor after corridor of the Viceroy's palace until we got in to the great Li, when we sat down and had tea and tobacco and talked through an interpreter. When it came my turn he asked: 'Why did you come to China?' I said: 'To turn the Chinese service for the war.' 'How do you expect to enter?' 'I expect you to give me a commission.' 'I have no place to offer you.' 'I think you have—I have come all the way from America to get it.' 'What would you like?' 'I would like to get the new torpedo-boat and go down the Yang-tse-Kiang to the blockading squadron.' 'Will you do that?' 'Of course.'

"He thought a little and said: 'I will see what can be done. Will you take \$100 a month for a start?' I said: 'That depends.' (Of course I would take it.) Well, after parley, he said he would put me on the flagship, and if I did well he would promote me. Then he looked at me and said: 'How old are you?' When I told him I was twenty-four I thought he would faint—for in China a man is a boy until he is over thirty. He said I would never do—I was a child. I could not know anything at all. I could not convince him,

but at last he compromised—I was to pass an examination at the Arsenal at the Naval College, in all branches, and if they passed me I would have a show. So we parted. I reported for examination next day, but was put off—same the next day. But to-day I was told to come, and sat down to a stock of foolscap, and had a pretty stiff exam. I am only just through. I had seamanship, gunnery, navigation, nautical astronomy, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, curve tracing, differential and integral calculus. I had only three questions out of five to answer in each branch, but in the first three I answered all five. After that I only had time for three, but at the end he said I need not finish, he was perfectly satisfied. I had done remarkably well, and he would report to the Viceroy to-morrow. He examined my first papers—seamanship—said I was perfect in it, so I will get along, you need not fear. I told the Consul—he was very well pleased—he is a nice man.

"I feel pretty well now—have had dinner and am smoking a good Manila cheroot. I wrote hard all day, wrote fifteen sheets of foolscap and made about a dozen drawings—got pretty tired.

"I have had a hard scramble for the service and only got in by the skin of my teeth. I guess I will go to bed—I will sleep well to-night—Thursday.

"I did not hear from the Naval Secretary, Tuesday, so yesterday morning I went up to the Admiralty and sent in my card. He came out and received me very well—said I had passed a 'very splendid examination'; had been recommended very strongly to the Viceroy, who was very much pleased; that the Director of the Naval College over at the Arsenal had wanted me and would I go over at once? I would. It was about five miles. We (a friend, who is a great rider here) went on steeplechase ponies—we were ferried across the Pei Ho in a small scow and then had a long ride. There is a path—but Pritchard insisted on taking all the ditches, and as my pony jumped like a cat, it wasn't nice at first, but I didn't squeal and kept my seat and got the swing of it at last and rather liked it. I think I will keep a horse here—you can hire one and a servant together for \$7 a month; that is \$5.60 of our money, and pony and man found in everything.

"Well—at last we got to the Arsenal—a place about four miles around, fortified, where all sorts of arms—cartridges, shot and shell, engines, and everything—are made. The Naval College is inside, surrounded by a moat and wall. I thought to myself, if the cadet here is like to the thing I used to be at the U. S. N. A. that won't keep him in. I went through a lot of yards till I was ushered into a room finished in black ebony and was greeted very warmly by the Director. We took seats on a raised platform—Chinese style—and pretty soon an interpreter came, one of the Chinese professors, who was educated abroad, and we talked and

drank tea. He said I had done well, that he had the authority of the Viceroy to take me there as 'Professor' of seamanship and gunnery; in addition I might be required to teach navigation or nautical astronomy, or drill the cadets in infantry, artillery, and fencing. For this I was to receive what would be in our money \$1,800 per annum, as near as we can compare it, paid in gold each month. Besides, I will have a house furnished for my use, and it is their intention, as soon as I show that I know something, to increase considerably my pay. They asked the Viceroy to give me 130 T per month (about \$186) and house, but the Viceroy said I was but a boy; that I had seen no years and had only come here a week ago with no one to vouch for me, and that I might turn out an impostor. But he would risk 100 T on me anyhow, and as soon as I was reported favorably on by the college I would be raised—the agreement is to be for three years. For a few months I am to command a training ship—an ironclad that is in dry dock at present, until a captain in the English Navy comes out, who has been sent for to command her.

"So Here I Am—twenty-four years old and captain of a man-of-war—a better one than any in our own navy—only for a short time, of course, but I would be a pretty long time before I would command one at home. Well—I accepted and will enter on my duties in a week, as soon as my house is put in order. I saw it—has a long veranda, very broad; with flower garden, apricot trees, etc., just covered with blossoms; a wide hall on the front, a room about 18 x 15, with a 13-foot ceiling; then back another rather larger, with a cupola skylight in the centre, where I am going to put a shelf with flowers. The Government is to furnish the house with bed, tables, chairs, sideboards, lounges, stove for kitchen. I have grates (American) in the room, but I don't need them. We have snow and a good deal of ice in winter, but the thermometer never gets below zero. I have to supply my own crockery. I will have two servants and cook; I will only get one and the cook first—they only cost \$4 to \$5.50 per month, and their board amounts to very little. I can get along, don't you think so? Now I want you to get Jim to pack up all my professional works on gunnery, surveying, seamanship, mathematics, astronomy, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, conic sections, calculus, mechanics, and every book of that description I own, including those paper-bound 'Naval Institute' papers, and put them in a box, together with any photos, etc., you think I would like—I have none of you or Pa or the family (including Carrie)—and send to me.

"I just got in in time—didn't I? Another week would have been too late. My funds were getting low; I would not have had anything before long. The U. S. Consul,

Gen. Bromley, is much pleased. The interpreter says it was all in the way I did with the Viceroy in the interview. "I will have a chance to go to Peking and later to a tiger hunt in Mongolia, but for the present I am going to study, work, and *stroke* these mandarins till I get a raise. I am the only instructor in both seamanship or gunnery, and I must know *everything*, both practically and theoretically. But it will be good for me—and the only thing is, that if I were put back into the Navy I would be in a dilemma. I think I will get my 'influence' to work, and I want you people at home to look out, and in case I am—if it were represented to the Sec. that my position here was giving me an immense lot of practical knowledge professionally—more than I could get on a ship at sea—I think he would give me two years' leave on half or quarter pay. Or, I would be willing to do without pay—only be kept on the register in my rank. "I will write more about this. Love to all."

It is characteristic of McGiffin that in the very same letter in which he announces he has entered foreign service he plans to return to that of his own country. This hope never left him. You find the same homesickness of the quarterdeck of an American man-of-war all through his later letters. At one time a bill to reinstate the midshipmen who had been cheated of their commissions was introduced into Congress. Of this McGiffin writes frequently as "our bill." "It may pass," he writes, "but I am tired hoping. I have hoped so long. And if it should," he adds anxiously, "there may be a time limit set in which a man must rejoin, or lose his chance, so do not fail to let me know as quickly as you can." But the bill did not pass, and McGiffin never returned to the navy that had cut him adrift. He settled down at Tien-Tsin and taught the young cadets how to shoot. Almost all of those who in the Chinese-Japanese War served as officers were his pupils. As the navy grew, he grew with it, and his position increased in importance. More Mexican dollars per month, more servants, larger houses, and buttons of various honorable colors were given him, and, in return, he established for China a modern naval college patterned after our own. In those days throughout China and Japan you could find many of these foreign advisers. Now, in Japan, the Hon. W. H. Dennison of the Foreign Office, one of our own people, is the only foreigner with whom the Japanese have not parted, and in China there are none. Of all of those who have gone none served his employers more faithfully than did McGiffin. At a time when every official robbed the people and the Government, and when "squeeze" or "graft" was recognized as a perquisite, McGiffin's hands were clean. The shells purchased for the Government by him were not loaded with black sand, nor were the rifles fitted with barrels of iron pipe. Once a year he celebrated the Thanksgiving Day of his own country by inviting to a great dinner all the Chinese naval officers who had been at least in part educated in America. It was a great occasion, and to enjoy it officers used to come from as far as Port Arthur, Shanghai, and Hongkong. So fully did some of them appreciate the efforts of their host that previous to his annual dinner, for twenty-four hours, they delicately starved themselves.

During ten years McGiffin served as naval constructor, professor of gunnery and seamanship, and on board ships at sea gave practical demonstrations in the handling of the new cruisers. In 1894 he applied for leave, which was granted, but before he had sailed for home war with Japan was declared and he withdrew his application. He was placed as second in command on board the *Chen Yuen*, a seven-thousand-ton battleship, a sister ship to the *Ting Yuen*, the flagship of Ad-

miral Ting Ju Chang. On the memorable 17th of September, 1894, the battle of the Yalu was fought, and so badly were the Chinese vessels hammered that the Chinese navy, for the time being, was wiped out of existence.

From the start the advantage was with the Japanese fleet. In heavy guns the Chinese were the better armed, but in quick-firing guns the Japanese were vastly superior, and while the Chinese battleships *Ting Yuen* and *Chen Yuen*, each of 7,430 tons, were superior to any of the Japanese warships, the three largest of which were each of 4,277 tons, the gross tonnage of the Japanese fleet was 36,000 to 21,000 of the Chinese. During the progress of the battle the ships engaged on each side numbered an even dozen, but at the very start, before a decisive shot was fired by either contestant, the *Tsi Yuen*, 2,355 tons, and *Kwan Chia*, 1,300 tons, ran away, and before they had time to get into the game the *Chao Yung* and *Yang Wei* were in flames and had fled to the nearest land. So the battle was fought by eight Chinese ships against twelve of the Japanese. Of the Chinese vessels the flagship commanded by Admiral Ting and her sister ship, which immediately after the beginning of the fight was for four hours commanded by McGiffin, were the two chief aggressors, and in consequence received the fire of the entire Japanese squadron. Toward the end of the fight, which without interruption lasted for five long hours, the Japanese did not even consider the four smaller ships of the enemy, but, sailing around the two ironclads in a circle, fired only at them. The Japanese themselves testified that these two ships never lost their formation, and that when her sister ironclad was closely pressed the *Chen Yuen*, by her movements and gun practise, protected the *Ting Yuen*, and, in fact, while she could not prevent the heavy loss the fleet encountered, preserved it from annihilation. During the fight this ship was almost continuously on fire, and was struck by every kind of projectile from the thirteen-inch Canet shells to a rifle bullet, four hundred times. McGiffin himself was so badly wounded, so beaten about by concussions, so burned and so bruised by

steel splinters, that his health and eyesight were forever wrecked.

He resigned from the Chinese service and returned to America. For two years he lived in New York City, suffering in body without cessation the most exquisite torture. During that time his letters to his family show only tremendous courage. On the splintered, gaping deck of the *Chen Yuen*, with the fires below it, and the shells bursting upon it, he had shown to his Chinese crew the courage of the white man who knew he was responsible for them and for the honor of their country. But far greater and more difficult was the courage he showed while alone in the dark sick room, and in the private wards of the hospitals.

In the letters he dictates from there he still is concerned only lest those at home shall "worry"; he reassures them with falsehoods, jokes at their fears; of the people he can see from the window of the hospital tells them foolish stories; for a little boy who has been kind he asks them to send him his Chinese postage stamps; he plans a trip he will take with them when he is stronger, knowing he never will be stronger. The doctors had urged upon him a certain operation, and of it to a friend he wrote: "I know that I will have to have a piece about three inches square cut out of my skull, and this nerve cut off near the middle of the brain, as well as my eye taken out (for a couple of hours only, provided it is not mislaid, and can be found). Doctor — and his crowd show a bad memory for failures. As a result of this operation others have told me—I forget the percentage of deaths, which does not matter, but—that a large percentage have become insane. And some lost their sight."

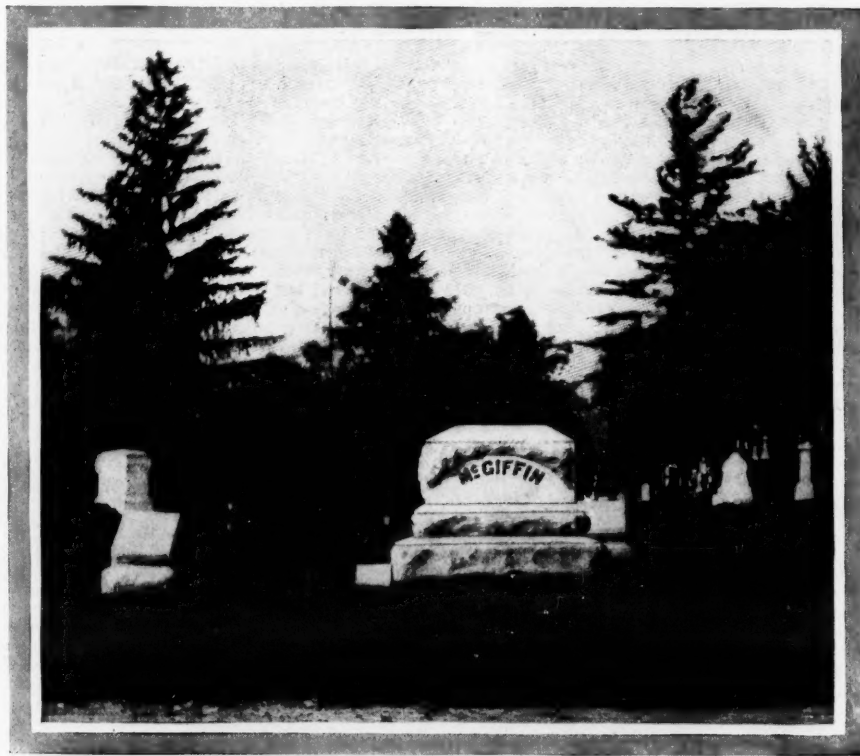
While threatened with insanity, and complete blindness, and hourly from his wounds suffering a pain drugs could not master, he dictated for the "Century Magazine" the only complete account of the battle of the Yalu. In a letter to Mr. Richard Watson Gilder he writes: "... my eyes are troubling me. I can not see even what I am writing now, and am getting the article under difficulties. I yet hope to place it in your hands by the 21st [the unfinished sentence was grimly prophetic], still, if my eyes grow worse—"

"Still, if my eyes grow worse—" Unknown to his attendants at the hospital among the papers in his despatch-box he had secreted his service revolver. On the morning of the 11th of February, 1897, he asked for this box, and on some pretext sent the nurse from the room. When the report of the pistol brought them running to his bedside, they found the pain-driven body at peace, and the tired eyes dark forever.

In the article in the "Century" on the battle of the Yalu, he had said:

"Chief among those who have died for their country is Admiral Ting Ju Chang, a gallant soldier and true gentleman. Betrayed by his countrymen, fighting against odds, almost his last official act was to stipulate for the lives of his officers and men. His own he scorned to save, well knowing that his ungrateful country would prove less merciful than his honorable foe. Bitter, indeed, must have been the reflections of the old, wounded hero, in that midnight hour, as he drank the poisoned cup that was to give him rest."

And bitter indeed must have been the reflections of the young wounded American, robbed, by the parsimony of his country, of the right he had earned to serve it, and who was driven out to give his best years and his life for a strange people under a strange flag.



"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER HE SLEEPS WELL"

The burial place of Captain McGiffin at Washington, Pennsylvania

AN UNSYMPATHETIC VIEW OF A PAN-AMERICAN VISION

By J. ORTON KERBEY, Former U. S. Consul to Para

SOUTH AMERICA is a wonderland, especially the part of it called The Land of To-morrow. There are a thousand times more marvels in it than Captain Mayne Reid has told. But marvels don't make good ballast for railroad track, except on paper.

Much of the Pan-American literature that is being palmed off on the trading public of the three Americas, when Brazil, for example, is the topic, reads very much like a Jules Verne story to one who is on the spot; and a weird suspicion forces itself upon the reader that the "pan" attachment is principally for "scooping" purposes.

The great "Pan-American Railway" is a beautifully taking conception. The American Eagle shivers in every pin feather, and his teeth chatter with delight at the mere suggestion.

But however glorious this may be for the great American Eagle, when the average American citizen proposes to send his own private "ten-dollar eagles" a railroading, especially a pan-railroading, he wants to know how it is going to pan out and where the "pan" is going to dump after the "scoop" is made, and where the eagle is going to light when he comes down.

A continuous line of railway may sometime in the far distant future be in operation from New York to Buenos Ayres; but it will never be used for carrying through freight between those points. As long as half an ounce of coal can be made to move a ton of cargo a mile on the open ocean, no born Yankee is going to send his freight by rail to the Amazon Valley, or to Rio or to Buenos Ayres.

The Pan-American Railway will never be for Pan-American trade. An ocean steamer can beat a freight train by fifty per cent as to speed, and by greater difference in cheapness of carrying. Consequently it is nonsense—excuse me: it is poetry—this Pan-American Railway dream. It might become quite interesting for the American tourists in a parlor car to be whirled through a series of different revolutions as they passed through various countries. The trains might make as much time as tramp steamers, provided we did not introduce railway strikes and riots with our reciprocity and railway management.

The Land of To-morrow has fifty thousand miles of available river navigation, and by the construction of six or seven hundred miles of railroad to get around

the rapids of the Madeira, Tapajos, and Tocantins Rivers, several thousand miles more would be added to Amazonian navigation, and unite the Plate and Amazon Valleys.

With fifty thousand miles of waterway, every man can have a steamboat at his front door, as often as he needs it, the year around.

Except on extensive plains, the rule of railroad building is to follow the watercourses, where nature has already done all the necessary grading. When a range of mountains or of hills is to be crossed, the road follows a valley up to the summit, and descends the other slope by another valley. To follow the course of the range of the Andes, tunneling the spurs and bridging the mountain valleys is to multiply by one thousand the cost of building. The Pan-American Railway dreamer proposes to shove a railway more than five thousand miles lengthwise through mountains from Panama to Patagonia, cutting at right angles every valley and hill for thousands of miles, through a nearly uninhabited region the greater part of the distance. It is perfectly safe to predict that no railroad will be built along that route very soon.

THE MIDDLE GROUND

WHERE LABOR AND CAPITAL FAILED TO MEET

By EDWIN BALMER

HE neither asked nor gave quarter. A hundred million dollars stood between him and sentiment, and the casket which held the ashes of his wife contained also most of his better emotions. Knowing no law but prudence, no honor but expediency, he made himself a taskmaster of industry—a man served by fifty thousands and loved by none.

Anarchists, Socialists, and all who preached the survival of the unfit, and who screamed for the equality of the unequal, cited him as their strongest argument for the acceptance of their philosophy. They proclaimed him the necessary precursor and the doomed harbinger of their program. In their weird, impossible syllogism of life he was their major premise; a revolution, a popular uprising, an arraying of class against class, a human hell upon earth was, by courtesy, their minor premise; to which they set an untried, unsound, unnatural order of things as their conclusion.

Cursing him and his, the public excepted from malediction only his son; for young Darlon chose to live with the people his father most hated and feared. Yet, though he ate with his father's employees, slept with them, and did in all things as they did, still the workers, with the natural suspicion of all that is strange and incomprehensible, hesitated to accept as one of themselves the son of the Titan who had his heel upon the city. And then came the great strike.

Where the great foundries and mills of the Darlon-American Structural Company formed a nucleus for the manufacturing district of the city, industry lay dead. The dust of nine weeks covered the long workshops and shipping-rooms where tools remained as they were thrown when the common cause had called the workers out. Even the streets and passages which had not been watered for two months seemed forlorn and deserted, though the hot July wind blew the clay dust into the faces of the soldiers of the national guard who, three to the block, patrolled the factory yards. To the south of the works lay the houses and tenements of the strikers, closely packed together into a dense city slum which seemed even more populous and overcrowded than usual as the strikers sought the air of the streets, that hot midsummer day. Thousands wandered restlessly up and down, glancing now and then toward the tall factories which, directly or indirectly, had been their means of support, but from which they had resolutely barred themselves until they could return to work again with self-respect and upon equitable terms. They found it hard to be proud—or stubborn—on shortened allowances, but as those people carefully husbanded their little that the strike might longer endure and their cause prevail, they were, as Bulliam, the president of the union, said, tried veterans of industry in a siege. It was not for them he feared. It was for the others who spent their strike allowances in the saloons and then went forth to jibe and jeer at the militia patrols, that Bulliam sighed and shook his head.

"A little more and there'll be violence," he said to Jimpson, his secretary and friend. "It's these hot-headed, ignorant Poles and Bohemians mixing their foreign hatred for the upper classes with American freedom and rotten rum. My God, Jimmy," he went on as he heard a sharp cry and hastened to the window of his temporary office at the edge of the tenement district, "they're stoning the police now. Stop 'em, Jimmy, stop 'em! Nine weeks and hard fought," he repeated to himself as his assistant hurried down the stairs, "but with a fair, clean strike, and the public behind us, we may win. They mustn't, no, they can't go to violence now and spoil it all."

The crowd of loiterers outside had dispersed as Jimpson approached, and the president sank back wearily in his seat. "Well," he asked, as the secretary reentered, "how are they acting? What caused that? Sit down, Jimmy," he went on, seeing a troubled look upon the other's face, "and tell me what's the matter."

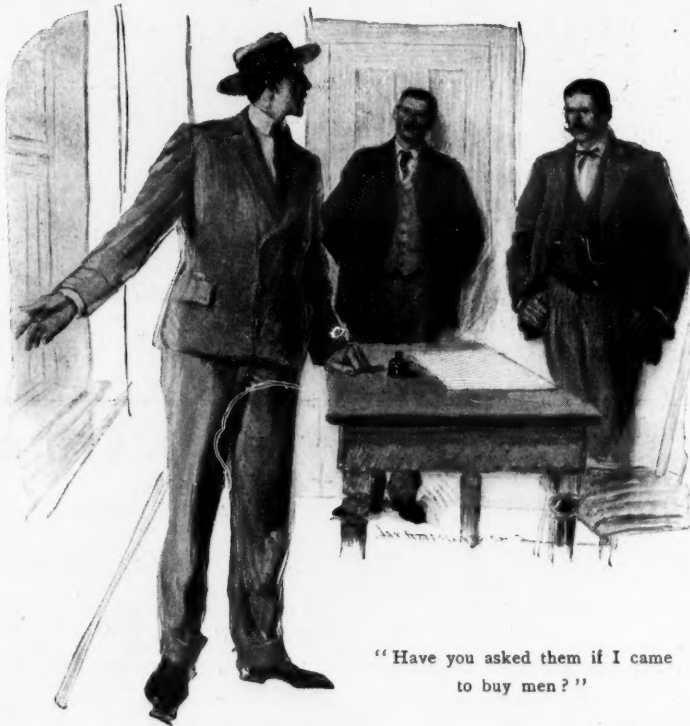
"The matter?" Jimpson asked disconsolately. "They have too much money. They are turning gold, Bulliam,

gold and twenty-dollar bills, over the bars for drink. Did those men," he asked fiercely, indicating the loafers in the street with a sweep of his arm, "did they ever get gold and twenty-dollar bills in a pay envelope? Or," he added, smiling bitterly, "have we ever had that sort of money to distribute in strike allowances?"

"I thought—I feared as much," Bulliam said quietly, as though corroborating an obvious conclusion which the other had thought it unnecessary to express. "There were men at the meeting last night who suddenly had become overdiscouraged in the outlook for the strike, who talked about resigning and being tired of the union—and who spent too much money in the saloons and gambling houses." The president looked up uneasily at his companion. "We can keep friend Darlon from buying men's labor," he said grimly, "but when he pays the price can we keep him from buying the men themselves? What else, Jimmy?"

"Svenski and Dorsen—"

"The Anarchists and their gang? So they've come at last? Yet we've had to fight against their influence all along, Jimmy; we must fight them now. That is all." He spoke resignedly, and as if without great concern; nevertheless, something weighed upon his mind, and he paced uneasily about the little room. Finally, as if stifled by the close air within, he went to the window, and, throwing it down from the top, he leaned out. From below came the stray remarks, the occasional loud oath and exclamation punctuating the constant scuffling of the hundreds passing up and down over the rough pavement of the crowded street. The hot, unclean odor of the slums, the smell of sweat-soaked garments, the pungent odors of bad tobacco mingled with the unsavory scents of cooking coming from the more unclean and insanitary dwellings, pervaded even the street. The meaner tenements showed the cramped and narrow rooms in all their cheerlessness; but it was not the unsightliness, the degradation and misery of it all which worried the labor leader just then. He was used to that. It was the troubled air of doubt and uncertainty, the restlessness and nervousness sweeping



"Have you asked them if I came to buy men?"

over the crowded street which gave him a new factor to think about and take into consideration.

"What is it?" he repeated. "Jimmy, what is it today? They were not so yesterday," and the secretary, knowing that his chief referred again to the mysterious undercurrent of nervous unrest and the air of desperation, again shook his head disconsolately. Far down the street a group gathered about a man who stood upon a barrel and harangued the crowd. As the sound of cheers and rough applause floated to their window, Jimpson pointed down.

"Svenski," he said simply; "Dorsen and his gang are somewhere else. The revolutionary Socialists are speaking, too. Hunger, idleness, and discontent give us enough disturbers naturally," he went on in his agitation, "and these further confuse the minds of our ignorant men. But what can we do, Bulliam? What can we do to counteract the influence of these crazy men? They are calling for action, but we for inaction. We must fight by remaining orderly and sitting still; but it is not what these men want. We have talked moral suasion for two months and accomplished nothing. Is it any wonder they listen, now, to immoral suasion? You and I, Bulliam, say, 'Do nothing.' Svenski and Dorsen say, 'Do.' Look," he cried excitedly, pointing with his hand as though indicating a visible object before him. "Look. They are sowing the wind, you say. Yes, and are we not swept from our feet and blown this way and that in the blast? Where will you and I be, where will all the other moderates be, when these men reap their crop and send us the whirlwind?"

The president had not been paying attention. From the edge of the factory district where the militia patrols turned and retraced their steps, and where the union pickets had thrown out their advance lines, came a crowd of men following close upon the heels of a young fellow who, unheeding the cries of anger and derision shouted at him, made his way with difficulty down the street. At first a couple of policemen had accompanied him, but as he drew away from the militia lines, he dismissed them and sent them back. The strikers and their irresponsible sympathizers who had gathered about the young fellow seemed at a loss to account for his action, and as if uncertain what course to pursue they let him proceed unmolested, though they followed him curiously and wonderingly down the street. From his window at the union headquarters, Bulliam had seen it all, and he turned inquiringly to his companion.

"Well?" he asked impatiently, "what does that mean?"

Jimpson stared for a moment in silence, and then catching up the cry from the street, "Young Darlon," he said: "Roger Darlon, you know, the son of the company's president."

Bulliam shaded his eyes from the bright glare. "I see," he said shortly. "I had almost forgotten about him. Doesn't he think that he has done enough?" he demanded fiercely. "What does he want here now?"

"We shall see," Jimpson replied quietly as he and Bulliam left the window and resumed their seats. "He's coming up."

Young Darlon had reached the foot of the stairs leading to the union headquarters, and seeing him about to go into the offices of the labor leaders, the crowd fell back. Yet as the news spread quickly that the son of the president of the company, after having been driven from his lodgings among the workers a week before, had left his father again and gone into conference with the president of the union, loiterers gathered in the street and stood expectantly as men about a newspaper office after a disaster or upon the evening of an election. Even the men who had gathered about the improvised rostrum of Svenski, the Anarchist, joined the throng as young Darlon ascended the stairs and entered the room where the labor leaders were sitting. The president and his secretary rose quickly, and Jimpson, with a manner a little constrained and suspicious, extended his hand, but Bulliam held back.

"As—as what or whom?" he asked abruptly.

Young Darlon looked wonderingly from one to the other of the two men before him:

"You mean?"

"That you, in yourself, are not welcome; that Darlon the workingman, Darlon the friend of the people, Darlon the go-between and spy, is played out. The man who came to work and live with us, only to sell us out at the end of a year, is not welcome," Bulliam repeated curtly. "But Roger Darlon, representing his father, the president of the company, may be another matter. Did your father send you?"

Young Darlon's eyes met the labor leader's gaze directly:

"He did not."

"Then," Bulliam turned abruptly and pointed toward the door, "you are wasting not only your own time, but ours also."

He threw himself down into a chair, and, taking some documents and letters from the table, ostentatiously busied himself with them. The secretary moved toward the door and stood waiting with his hand upon the knob, but the other maintained his position. Bulliam looked up again impatiently.

"Well?" he asked, "well?"

"No, Bulliam, it is not at all well."

Something in the calm even voice of the young man

before him brought the labor leader angrily to his feet; but as if in defense, young Darlon drew himself up to his full height and from an inch above six feet he looked down with a strange, puzzled expression in his clear gray eyes which was quite disconcerting.

"Not at all well?" Bulliam repeated. "No. If the strike contributions from other cities do not fall off further, if the company calls in no strike breakers, if there are no more evictions, if we can silence the Anarchists and suppress the Socialists, and if twenty other things happen or do not happen so that I can hold the union together and maintain order, then there is a chance."

"But the chances are?"

"Against us." Bulliam sucked in his breath quickly and gazed inquiringly, doubtfully for a moment at the young man before him. "The more need—the more need," he repeated bitterly, "for a man, a man such as you promised to be when you first came to us." He broke off suddenly and strode impatiently up and down the room.

"I am not a demonstrative or overreligious man, Darlon," he continued reflectively, "but when your father and his company were threatening this bitter fight, when they were pressing us harder and harder, and when my own people, who chose me to stand at their head and direct their affairs, in their anger and ignorance were stabbing me in the back and undoing all that I had done in eleven years; when the issue was no longer one of hours and wages, but whether one class would be longer tolerable to the other, I prayed, I prayed as I have never prayed before, for a man—one strong man from the other class who could see things as I see them, who would stand beside me and help me to hold the middle ground between the radicals on both sides. When you came down here, and leaving all that might have been yours with your father, lived our life, I thought my prayer had been granted. I hoped that you would show your class, as I have tried to show mine, that the fight is not for a loaf of bread with a thicker crust and an hour or two more each day to eat it in, but for law and order, and for a condition under which the decent man, in half a century, may feel friendly toward the other decent man, whether he is a wage earner or not. I hoped for this," he concluded sadly, "and instead—"

"Instead what, Bulliam?"

"Instead," Bulliam went on, "Hawley, Simpson, Jennings, and twenty others who mistrusted you least and associated themselves with you, are suddenly grown tired of the union, and are doing their best to break it up. They have found it, I suppose," he added with a sneer, "worth their while."

Jimpon shifted his position slightly, and, fastening the door which he had unlatched, stood with his back against it as if to prevent interruption. From without came a confused murmur, increasing every moment as the crowd gathered rapidly, and young Darlon pointed down. "Have you asked those, Bulliam," he said simply, "whether I came to buy men for my father, or have you asked me? They say that suspicion and prejudice are competent witnesses when the jury is a mob, but you, Bulliam," he said directly, "ought to have more sense. Would it have been delicate in me or modest," he added, smiling slightly, "to have told those men that my father set me above them, and that he cared more to see me humiliated and repudiated here and driven back to him than for cutting short the strike? My father is a rather clever man—and found means to accomplish both ends at once."

Young Darlon stepped forward to the table, and, putting his hand upon the edge, rested himself easily upon it. "Come, Bulliam," he said, "it was not an easy or a pleasant thing to come here this morning, but I think in a minute you will know why I came. You have heard what comes to-morrow?"

The labor leader, as he looked up, at first seemed to check something he was about to say. "Svenski, Dorsen, and their gangs came this morning," he said wearily. "They have given us about all we want to think about. What is it?"

"The Governor—"

"Is sending more troops? Yes, I had heard that," Bulliam broke in impatiently. "What difference does that make? Am I opposing the soldiers or counseling violence? Why does the company want more soldiers?" he asked abruptly.

"Because the company," young Darlon said simply, "attacks to-morrow and will need protection, I think. To-day they are rushing five thousand non-union men on special trains from three cities to take your places in the factories and to turn you out of your houses. Oh, yes, I mean that," as Bulliam looked up incredulously. "They must have lodging for the men they bring here, so they will give every man who is on strike twenty-four hours in which to return to work or signify his intention to do so. If he returns he will not work under the old conditions, even, but with a lower scale of pay, longer hours, and as a non-union man. If he does not return, he and his family will be turned out of their home if it is owned or controlled by the company and a non-union man put in his place. Some thousands, I believe, can be turned out on the streets without means of support."

Young Darlon had been speaking rapidly and quite without inflection, as a man who must bear an unpleasant message. "I, Bulliam," he went on slowly and lowering his voice, "understand what this means and what it may cause. I believe you do also. You, as I, may have feared it all along; but I saw this coming last week. Can you understand now why, though I might be further misunderstood in the city, I went back to my father to prevent this thing if I could—and having failed again," he added sadly, "I think you know why I have come back to you this morning."

He stopped abruptly and looked at the two men before him, who blankly returned his gaze and appeared not to have heard the latter part of what he said. The attack, as it came from all sides, sudden and pitiless, found them quite unprepared. It crushed their spirits, at first, and then feeling anger and hopeless desperation rise in themselves at the mere announcement of the things to come, the labor leaders knew why the young man had come to betray his father's plans. Yet there was a possibility—a possibility only.

"The great American game of bluff," Bulliam said quietly as he watched the effect his words would have, "has been tried in these contests before. If what you say is true, how have we heard nothing from our agents in the other cities? How have—"

The president broke off short as a cry, a swelling inar-

hated. But in spite of the curses and the foul words which the crowd flung at him, Darlon walked with head erect, not proudly or arrogantly, but as a man who has done what he could. As the labor leader kept his arm about the young fellow, no one molested them or seriously attempted to block their way, until they came to the factory yards where the militia patrols guarded the grounds of the company. And then, as Bulliam left young Darlon and turned back, some one hurled a rock which struck the millionaire's son upon the side of his head and threw him forward upon his face. As the militia formed about him to keep the mob back, those who had followed him out of the slums listened no more to Bulliam, their leader, but as they fell back before the little line of bayonets fixed over the prostrate man, they cursed and spat on him, while those in the rear stoned the guard. Yet as other soldiers rushed up to reinforce their fellows and started to charge the mob, young Darlon pulled himself to his feet and held them back as he called to the officer in command: "Let them go! Let them go!" But the crowd jeered and cursed him again as he fell forward and the soldiers carried him away.

The throngs which still roamed the streets of the slums late that night were composed largely of women and children. Even the saloons, which during the strike had been more than ordinarily crowded in the hot evenings, were almost deserted except for the inevitable tough loungers and semi-criminal loafers who, however, seemed roused from their customary apathy and indifference and shared the feeling of nervous expectancy which pervaded the entire slum. From a score of halls and meeting-places the voices of agitators raised in indignation, anger, and blasphemy floated out through the open windows. Occasionally when the denunciations of the company officers became audible to the women and children in the streets, they who had been refused admission echoed the hoarse cheers from their fathers, husbands, and brothers within. Ten or twelve times during the evening the doubled patrols of the city police had broken up meetings and arrested the speakers; but as the crowds dispersed only to reassemble elsewhere, and other speakers, like the hydra's heads, took the places of the unfortunate agitators, the police gave up the attempt to suppress the meetings and telephoned vainly for more reserves.

Half-way up on the hill, from the summit of which his father's house overlooked the city, young Darlon halted in his weary climb

and gazed back. He sighed to himself disconsolately as he lighted a match and looked at his watch. It was almost twelve o'clock, but still from the slums below and a mile to the south shone the lights in the saloons, drinking halls, and crowded tenements.

"Nothing more can be done down there," he said slowly as if to reassure himself. "The police and the militia are ready."

Then he turned again and made for the lights which shone from the great white house upon the summit of the hill.

In the dining-room to the left, the board of directors of the Darlon-American Company were still at the table of Darlon, their president and chief stockholder. The important affairs of the day had detained the twelve men until late in the evening. However, when they went in to dinner at ten o'clock, they did not recur in their conversation to the developments which had kept them. Though exultant over the certainty that the great strike which had tied up their plants for nine weeks was about to be broken, they had managed to forget it all for two hours.

At twelve, however, Darlon motioned for the waiters to refill the glasses and rose to his feet. In the dim light of the shaded candles which lighted the table, he did not notice the dark figure which had entered and stood beside the portiere. The old man raised his glass.

"To the happy ending of the strike," he said.

The eleven men about the table arose and the young man at the door stood silently watching them, but suddenly, as they raised their glasses to their lips, he stepped forward to the foot of the table, and when he spoke he rapped with his fingers, as a chairman calling for attention.

"One moment, gentlemen," he said; "do you know what that toast means? For if you do, I would like to drink with you."

As they lowered their glasses in astonishment, all about the table gazed down at the man who had broken in upon them. The expressions of many showed that, at first, they did not recognize him, but old Darlon leaned forward angrily.

"Roger," he asked sharply, "what does this mean?"

The young man stared uncertainly at his father for a moment, and then, without replying, he threw up the curtain from the bay window behind him. The candles were so shaded and dim that those within could not see out distinctly, and almost like a drawing upon a black-board they saw the lighted city below. Beyond the dark foreground, where the parks covered the hillside, they saw a great black space where the factories lay; but to the left and still further beyond, the slums at the heart of the city were still illuminated. They had seen such a sight before upon the evening of a holiday, but on that occasion the unusual illumination in the

(Continued on page 24)



He waited a moment to make his shot sure

ticulate cry of rage sounded from the street. As Jimpon rushed to the window and leaned out, the centre of commotion seemed to be moving from a point far down the street where the telegraph offices stood; but faster than the men who ran beside the little boy in blue and gold uniform, came the cry which those further up the street took up, though as yet they did not know its meaning. Yet quickly, even before the despatch bearer gained the foot of the stairs, the mob understood and cried aloud in anger: "The scabs! The scabs! Down with the scabs! They come to-morrow! Kill 'em! Down with the scabs!"

Bulliam, as he read the message which those in the street had torn from its envelope, straightened himself and turned to the young man beside him.

"Part of what you have been telling us," he said reluctantly, "is fully confirmed. The rest, even the wholesale eviction, is, of course, quite—quite fair in war and to be expected. I recognize fully, I believe, the danger which must be avoided. I shall try, therefore, to put the matter before the men in such a way that the realization of it all at once may not incite them to—something unfortunate."

He hesitated a moment and held out his hand. "You can't help us here any more, Darlon," he said quietly. "The kind of anarchy which is here, Jimpon and I and—the police can better fight. And there is another kind of anarchy which Jimpon and I and the police can't fight—but which must be fought as well as this if we are to hold the middle ground to-night."

For the moment the president had been oblivious of the men without, but as Jimpon went to the window again in a vain endeavor to still the crowd, Bulliam, rising quickly, grasped young Darlon by the shoulder. "They are drunk down there, and mad, too," he said. "Svenski is there, and Dorsen. It won't be safe for them to find you even in this place. Come with me."

He tried to lead the young fellow down a back way, but Darlon shook his head and started for the door by which he had entered, and outside of which the mob was beating and clamoring. A few of the more irresponsible and reckless had already begun to cry for "Darlon, the Hellhound's pup," but the more rational element silenced them. Nevertheless, as young Darlon descended the stairs and stood with his hand upon the lock, Bulliam rushed up behind, and, pulling him back, opened the door himself.

"Stand back," he called angrily to the crowd. "What has come over you now? Stand back, I say. What's the reason for this?"

Awed by the anger of their leader, the mob before the door opened, and as Bulliam led young Darlon forward a part rushed up the stairs as if to find more news in the empty office; the greater number, however, followed the union president and the son of the man they

CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD

WHERE LABOR DRAWS ITS CONSCRIPTS FROM THE NURSERY

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

Illustrated with Photographs by JAMES H. HARE

THE machine has been unjustly vituperated for centuries; but in modern production there is only one of its acts which is undoubtedly inspired by the Evil One. It is by its connivance that the task of clothing the world has been shifted to the shoulders of the children. The machine has stepped in and said to the worker: "See, I will do your work for you—you need no longer acquire skill. I will weave your cloth—spin your thread—sew your seams; your only work is the touch of a hand on the lever, the placing of a thread, the guiding of a roll of cloth—a child can do it!"

And since a child can—it does! The levers are built near the ground to make it possible, benches are placed before the high parts for children to stand on; and the little hands which are of low value in the labor market do the works of skill.

Only one branch of the making of our clothes is free from child labor—the production and gathering of the raw material.

In the picking of cotton, the shearing of wool, the reeling of silk, the gathering of feathers, furs, and leather, the children have little or no part. But though the child does not appear in the cotton field, nor in the gin, nor in the baling rooms, it meets the raw material at the factory doors. According to the estimate of 1903 there were thirty thousand children in cotton mills under fourteen. According to another estimate, there were sixty thousand. And as the cotton mill children are rotten with consumption, their fingers spin the Great White Plague into the fibres of the thread, wind it over the bobbins, and weave it into the cloth.

The cry that one hears, that the Southern mills where children work are owned by Northern capitalists, is an idle hiding behind others' shoulders; for, however much the Northern mill owners may try to influence legislation, the votes in the South are cast by the men of the South; and certainly it is not Northern children who work in Southern mills. And the fact that there are children in the South who can run the mills, is one of the chief reasons why the mills are there. The South was prosperous once through slave labor—it is prosperous now through child labor.

As yet we have discovered only three places in which to make this child-spun cloth into clothes—the home, the sweatshop, and the factory. These are three stages of the same industry which blend gradually into each other with only such dividing lines as are made by the law. In these three places the fifty thousand garment workers of New York City make clothes for the whole country.

From a sanitary and economic standpoint the home is by far the worst of the three; partly because it is not planned as a workshop, and partly because in it is used the most extravagant form of labor—the work of children.

If the child is where there is work to be done, the child is likely to do the work. And as long as this work is merely the sewing for the immediate family, the child is not likely to be overtaxed. But now that the making of clothes has become a specialized industry, not a task of each woman for her own husband and children, but a work of the few for the many—the case is different, and it has become just as necessary to control the garment trades in the home as anywhere else—perhaps more so.

In this home industry it is the Italian children who are mostly exploited. In Italian eyes, custom and tradition have made it unseemly for a woman to work in shops or factories. But in the home!—that is a different matter. In any of the tenements on Elizabeth, Mott, or Mulberry Streets, if you ask the janitor where the "lady" lives who finishes coats—you will be asked: "Which one?" and usually he will tell you of half a dozen, always forgetting to mention the members of his own family.

At one place in lower Orchard Street the janitor said: "Every lady in de house—she finish de coat!"

"The one I'm looking for has a little girl about eight years old who helps her."

"Oh, dey all have de children—eight—seven—four—all size—help all de time!"

"What do they do?"

"Oh—pull de baste—put de button, little t'ings—do all—everyt'ing!"

The long halls of these buildings are unlighted; and the stairs are slippery with filth and slime, which is not only of indigenous origin but is tracked in from the streets by the barefoot women and children. There is not in English a vocabulary sufficiently elaborate and varied to describe the odors which surge through these tenements in hot weather—not only the smells of crowded humanity and filth, but the actual odor of disease—the very scent of the germ. The garments lie in these places and fester—they become veritable germ cultures on the foul floors with the dying workers bending above them. Of course, many of these garments are steamed before they go on the wearers' backs, and as there are a number of disease germs that steaming will kill, there may be less danger than as though they were worn direct from the homes.

There is nothing easier than to unearth these "home finishers." No detective ability is needed in the matter, only eyes to see the garment-laden heads, and feet to follow where they lead.

In the worst tenement quarter of the lower West Side, which is peopled by the offscourings of all nations—negroes "squatting" in old buildings whose ownership is a matter for litigation; Jews whom the Ghetto has crowded out; Greeks from the ships; Irish and Italians—I met a Mrs. Gefferetti and her two little girls. As all three were carrying great bundles of coats on their heads, I turned and followed them through a little street, to a little lane, and into a blind little court, not three minutes' walk from Fifth Avenue. This had once been somebody's backyard, but now it is overlooked by three tiny tenements, strewn with garbage and choked with refuse, and through it trickles a stream of sewage.

We had to stop at the entrance of the court to avoid an outpouring mob of fighting, screaming children; and I glanced through the window of an old image maker, who with the faces of the working children at his elbows, and the roar of many quarrels in his ears, still fashions figures of the Merciful Christ and the Compassionate Virgin. He did not even glance up when the woman's worn hand steadied itself against his window, but then he was painting the wounds in the hands of the Crucified Christ, and that is particular work.

I followed them slowly up the stairs, stopping when the mother had to rest on each landing—up to the top of the building; and after the door had closed behind them I knocked.

Already the bundles were unpacked—already one child and the mother were busily at work, while the youngest waited, scissors in hand, till the first coat was ready to have the bastings pulled from it!

When I asked Mrs. Gefferetti why the children were not in school, she loosed the vials of her wrath upon me.

"These, my children, are they not mine? What is it your laws have to do with them? It is my word is their law! I shall do as it pleases me with them! See here

is Annie; she is but twelve years, yet I have permitted her to go sometimes to the school! That is enough for the Americans, that I have given them Annie for their school—that must satisfy them. They can not have Lizzie too—Lizzie is but nine years. She shall remain at my home. By your questions you insult me! And it is that my children must eat. Would the Americans feed us if I sent them to the school? No! Is it that you wish me to starve?"

And as her words stormed out, her needle flew in and out of the coat she was finishing, and, though Annie and Lizzie sometimes raised frightened eyes to me, their dirty little fingers were never still. The only thing that interrupted her frenzy of vituperation was a racking cough. There was the fire of fever as well as of wrath

in her eyes, but she could not stop her work even to vent her anger. She could not even die in idleness, but as she coughed out her life she breathed a revenge of contagion into the clothes she sewed, more powerful than her words. And it was evident that soon she would leave a legacy of feeble and ignorant offspring as a burden on the country.

As I went out of the court the old image maker snarled as my shadow fell upon his window. He was putting too much red on the cheeks of his buxom Mother of Sorrows—but then he was not copying the lips and cheeks of Mrs. Gefferetti.

Mrs. Gefferetti's feeling that the children go to school not for their own benefit, but as a sop to the American Government, is very general among the Italians. And considering the failure of our system of education really to educate, they are hardly to be blamed. But the problem grows in seriousness when these children are forced into industry. Take, for instance, the case of Angela Carmena.

She is a little girl of nine, and the teacher into whose class the truant officer succeeded in forcing her wrote me that the child had been in school only the few days during the year when the teacher saw

to it personally that she came. Ordinarily, however, there is little danger that Angela will be submitted to the contaminating influences of American civilization as typified by James Street, where she lives; for through a long industrious day she sits at home and sews pants to a present advantage to her family of about two dollars a week. The Carmenas have not solved the problem of cleanliness under tenement-house conditions, and their tendency to express clothing in the lowest possible terms in the hot weather, made this obvious. Neither Angela nor her mother nor any of her little brothers or sisters wore shoes or stockings or more than two other garments—and any extraneous matter collected upon their persons was evidently not interfered with, but was left to drop off of its own accord. Beside a chair, Retta, Angela's younger sister, who was only six and not yet able to sew, stood and pulled bastings. She might have been an attractive child but for the disease which covered her head with great gray flakes. These fell upon the floor and the garment on which she was working. Of course, these would probably be brushed off before this reached the customer; and anyway this might only be a bad case of eczema of the head and not favus, which is a virulent infectious disease. I could not tell which it was, because to the unmedicated mind favus is only distinguished by its odor, and in the Carmena home there were so many warring smells that no one of them could be isolated long enough for identification. And anyway favus does not necessarily mean death. But suppose it were favus? There were contagions about some of these tenements compared with which favus was as the glow of perfect health.

This finishing of garments is so poorly paid that only the quickest and most skilful workers can make a living at it even when they are helped out by numerous offspring. Also it is a trade possible for unskilled fingers to take up at any moment. For these reasons some of the women of the streets who are least successful, or are worn out in their profession, go into it to eke out an existence; and some of the regular home finishers can not make a living without combining their work with that other profession. In two of these houses I found little girls helping the women with their sewing. It certainly seems that these rooms are

(Continued on page 22)



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A "home-finisher" going to the shop



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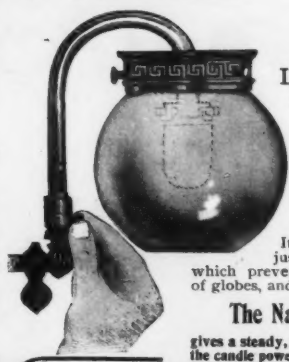
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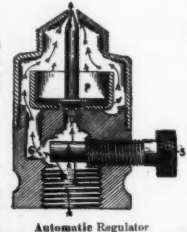
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CHILDREN WITHOUT CHILDHOOD

(Continued from page 20)

not the places either for the children, who should have a chance to be free from moral filth, or for clothes, which should be free from physical contagion. There may be something inherent in the nature of children which will save them—but there is little native virtue in a piece of woolen cloth, that it should preserve purity automatically.

In spite of the prevalence of child labor, it was difficult to see children actually at work in the homes. An agitating Child Labor Committee and an interfering press have produced a certain nervousness in the Italian mind. Of course, there is no way that a worker can learn what the laws are except by running up against them—no free schools which teach them, no public place where they are posted, no official to interpret them to any except the offender. But then, perhaps, arrest and punishment are the most thorough teachers after all. I would go into a home where the floor was strewn with garments, where the whole family had been feverishly plying their needles; but when I entered there would be a rapid fire of Italian, and, though the clothes of the little children would be covered with incriminating threads, though their hands held guilty needles, and unlawful scissors fell from their laps, they were seldom to be caught at their task.

Once a girl in a Hull House Club brought me two magenta cotton roses flanked by three emerald green leaves, which she had made. I remember now that though I was touched and pleased with the gift, I hesitated to do violence to my color sense by putting them in my hair as she evidently expected. If I had known then as I know now the conditions under which flowers are made in the homes, nothing would have changed my hesitancy into compliance.

Every one who has worn artificial flowers has noticed the weird odor that they emit in damp weather, and probably has said with a wry face: "How that glue smells!" Well, perhaps it is the glue—and then again, perhaps it isn't. I have seen flower-strewn rooms in the Italian quarter which were so filled with odors that I hesitated to intrude lest my entrance should crowd some of them out. Why should the smell of glue be the only one of the acquired odors of the handmade rose which the moisture quickens? If it were only possible to disassociate one's senses and to send the eyes alone into these artificial flower gardens, the first effect at least would be pleasant. There, with their hands full of brilliant blossoms, sit little dark-eyed children. It is a beautiful, pleasing, and artistic combination—that of the child and the flower; and one could almost wax poetic over it, if only one's obtuse mind could be kept dormant. But somehow the optic nerves do seem to connect with the brain cells, and, when thought involuntarily ensues, the picture of these children stringing pink cotton rose petals from seven in the morning till nine at night ceases to allure and charm.

The Italian quarter is honeycombed with these homes where they make artificial flowers. Ordinarily they are a trifle better class than the places where garments are finished, for there is a certain amount of skill required in the making; and a little more money is to be got at it, for more children in proportion can be employed. For instance, in an unlicensed tenement on Thompson Street was an Italian mother and her four children making pink apple blossoms. They had evolved a very satisfactory system of division of labor, as they sat around the table in the lamp-light. A boy of nine strung the cotton petals on their wire centres, then passed them to his sister of thirteen who attached the green calix; the mother fastened on the stem, and a boy of eleven, who could count, tied them into bunches. The four-year-old baby was not yet actively engaged in production—I do not know, of course, why he did not hop direct from the cradle into the artificial flower industry—but for some reason he was pausing—briefly, no doubt—in the land where children merely eat and play and grow. The only color in these five faces was that reflected from the pink cotton petals, except in the case of the nine-year-old boy; and his cheeks were so flushed and he coughed a dry little cough with such regularity that I took hold of his hand inquiringly. It was hot with fever, and his eyes were bright as though with fires back of them. Later he had to be sent to a sanitarium in the country by a charitable institution, and I believe he has not yet returned.

The rates of payment for those artificial flowers are very low. For instance, a firm on West Third Street employs among others a family living in an unlicensed tenement in the next block. There are seven children, the oldest a girl of fifteen, the youngest a boy of one; these are the only two who do not work on the flowers—the oldest, because she works out, and the baby, because of the still unperfected state of the industry which offers nothing suited to his abilities. The other children, aged respectively thirteen, eleven, eight, five, and three, are all actively engaged. Together they make about six dozen bunches a day, for which they receive seven cents a dozen bunches, or about forty-two cents a day. Of course, these children are not in school—why, in the name of progress, is the reading, writing, or speaking of English necessary in such an occupation? A mere waste of brain power! Another Italian family, living on East Houston Street, has five children, aged respectively twelve, eleven, nine, seven, five, all of whom are working at home either on flowers or on clothing, when it is not the flower season. And none of these children has been to school or speaks English.

These three families are exceptional only in the number of children working illegally. The whole Italian quarter is dotted with these greenhouses for the forcing of cloth and flowers at the cost of children's lives.

Recently the making of hats has also been given out to the tenement homes, but, though I have heard that children are employed on them, I have not succeeded in finding any of them at work.

Then, too, there is the making of kid gloves, a considerable part of which is home production. For four successive evenings I visited one particular family south of Washington Square and found them busy on gloves—green kid gloves! The gloves are cut before they are given out by the contractor, and the work in the home is to baste on the bits of leather or cloth about the opening and the button-holes, and baste the sides ready for the machine—a child of nine can do this sufficiently well—and little Luigi Bardino, who is only eight, spent most of his time in May and June on this work. American women must be in dire need of green kid gloves when a child's education and health are of less value to the community. It would almost seem to the thoughtful that this sacrifice should not be forced upon society by undiscerning femininity—that if it were a choice between the elimination of Luigi Bardino and the green kid gloves, we might be willing either to wear mittens or to go barehanded.

The extravagance of this child labor is not in the immediate money that is paid for it—not in the grown men and women whom it deprives of work—but in the fact that it destroys for small present returns the future industrial value of the child. The worn-out garment worker—old while he is yet young—is the logical development of the exploited child. The man who must be supported after he is forty is the child who at fourteen supported his father. If the burden of this man's support fell on those who had profited by his youth, there would be some sort of justice in it; but it falls either on the shoulders of his children, in their turn; or on the community, which is manifestly wrong.

And it is in the tenement houses where the worst conditions of child labor prevail. The home, whose primary object is the protection and rearing of children, has become the scene of their most merciless exploitation. The law has little control here in the matter of light, or sanitation, or hours. The child is left to the tender mercies of parental love, and from the days when babies were fed into the red hot arms of Moloch, parental love has been no safeguard. And if the parent does not consider the life of his child whom he does see, how will he consider the life of the impersonal wearer of the clothes whom he does not see? Even if he knows the danger, will he care to protect the consumer from tuberculosis, from favus, or from the nameless diseases of vice?

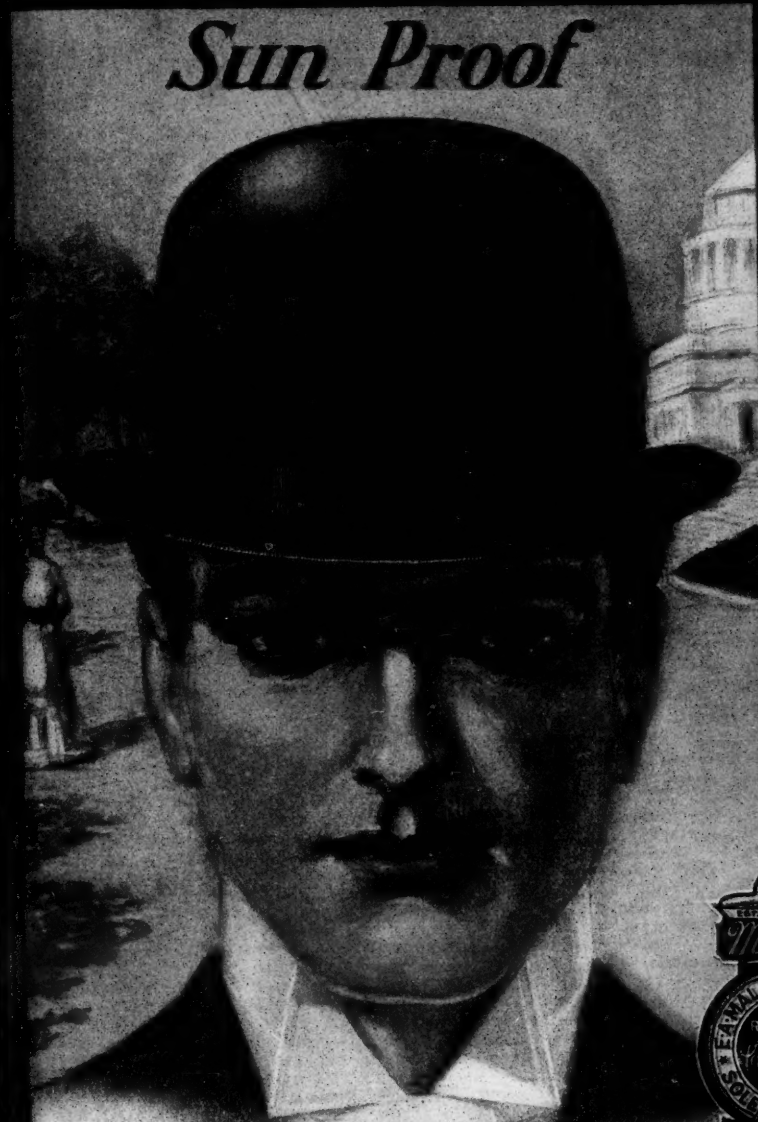
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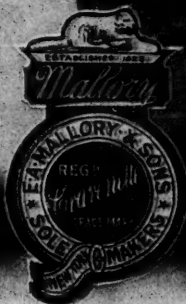
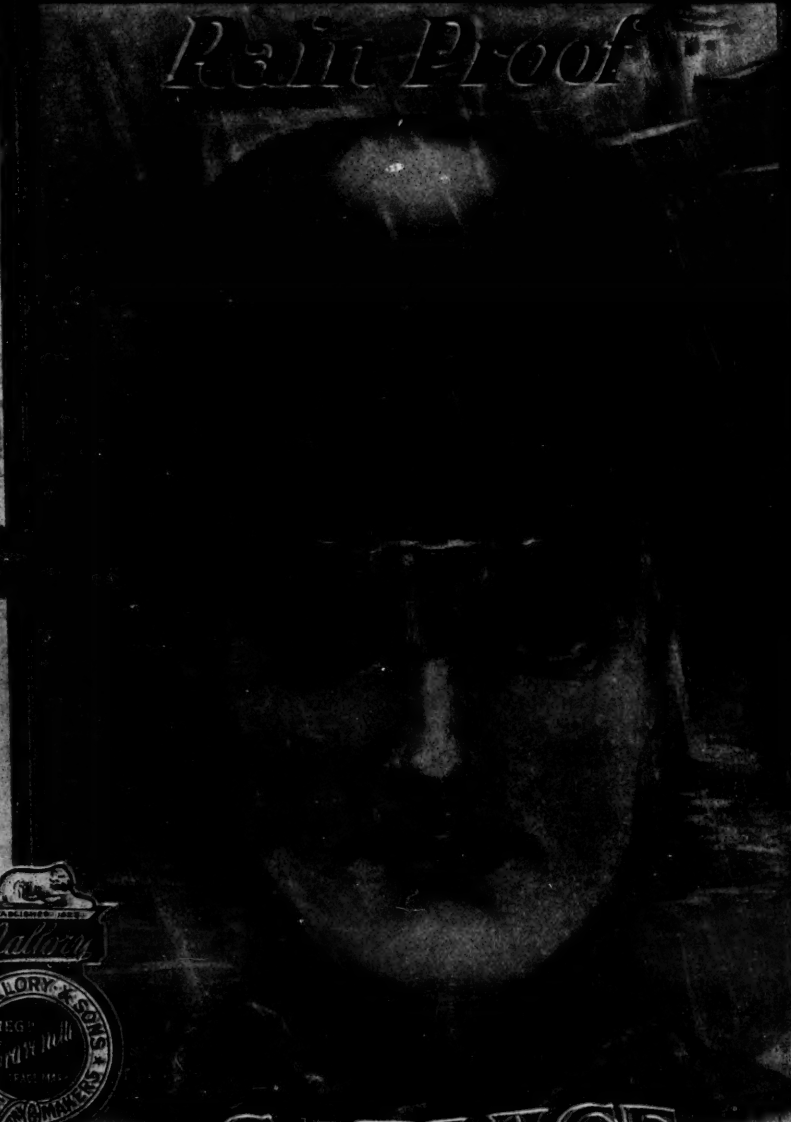
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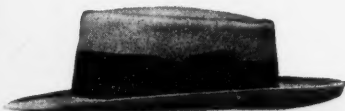
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THE MIDDLE GROUND

(Continued from page 10)

city surprised the directors so that they followed young Darlon as he pointed with his finger, as children follow their teacher at school.

"Down there," he said simply, "are fifty thousand people; here are but twelve. For whom shall the ending be happy?"

Perhaps the awe which comes from observing the mystery of a mighty city at night struck even those men, or perhaps they waited for their host to stoop for the gauntlet which his son had thrown down, for they gazed patiently at the intruder and laid their wine untasted upon the table. The old gentleman at the head, however, leaned forward and laughed queerly. He noticed the bandaged cut and the bruise upon the side of his son's head, and he smiled triumphantly.

"Your friends in the slums," he said mockingly, "seem to have failed again to appreciate your good intentions. Have the victimized and oppressed again turned out the 'friend of the people' and returned him to the tyrants?"

The elder Darlon dropped back into his seat, and the others, as they recognized his son to be the centre of attention, pulled their chairs about so that all faced the young man before the window. They seemed to expect an interesting contest of some sort, but the young fellow seemed entirely unconscious of the part they expected him to play. He gazed intently down upon the lights of the city, and when he spoke he seemed to be addressing himself quite as much as the others.

"Down there," he said again, "are the workers. They are not the men of great brains and ability—the twentieth century conquerors who live by directing produce. They are the one who produce. They have made others rich, but have not been able to help themselves. From the beginning of things they have been the weaker in the struggle of life. Through ignorance, physical weakness, or some other lack in their fathers long ago, they were placed at a disadvantage; and those who are above them have seen that they remained at that disadvantage. Each man was for himself. The more powerful made capital out of the necessities of the weak. They matched the more needy with the most needy, and they cut down wages; they lowered the standard of living; they beat the remnants of human ideals from the poor man's breast and they made him willing to take less and less for his work that his livelihood might not be taken away and given to another who would take even less still. The poorer men were dogs fighting about a bone which had scarcely enough meat to keep one alive. And it was so with the laborer's wife and children who went into the unhealthy sweat-shop, the damp cellar, and the dingy factory that they might continue a life not worth living. No man, no woman, no child dared protest, for there was always another more poor and more needy to drive him out. Each man chose those evils that he had rather than fly to the others he knew too well.

"That, gentlemen, without tiring you with the misery, degradation, and vice of those conditions, was labor under the old régime—and that which you would reestablish."

As his son hesitated for a moment, the old man at the head of the table leaned forward quickly.

"Go on, Roger," he said acridly. "Go on, if it pleases you, and find where your argument leads you."

"And then," young Darlon continued without heeding the interruption, "a strange new power and influence arose which brought the weak together and made them strong. It brought the laborer courage to ask again for a fairer and more equitable compensation for his work, and that work to be done under healthful conditions; for an hour or two to himself each day, and a chance to see the sunlight besides through a factory window; for a home where his wife and little children might grow up into strong and useful lives, not ruined and worn away slaving for a very existence. The laborer had asked for these things individually before, gentlemen, and you laughed at him and turned him aside. He now makes his demand fifty thousand strong, and you are bound to hear."

"But what has been your answer? You have said in so many words: 'These men have made me rich at the cost to themselves of everything short of their lives, and sometimes even at that cost—but I owe them nothing.'"

"And now," the elder Darlon broke in, "your poor oppressed but virtuous laborer says: 'What I possessed was not worth keeping, but another shall not obtain it. If I can not work for my price, no one else shall work at all.' Oh, they have been bold to boast and threaten," he cried, "but what will they say to-morrow when others come to take their places, and they will be turned out tramps upon the street? What will be their answer to-morrow?"

As his father broke in upon him, young Darlon had turned again and stood gazing down upon the city. Something attracted his attention and he started excitedly. He hesitated a moment irresolutely, and when pulling down the curtain he stepped once more to the foot of the table, it was with an effort that he spoke slowly and with restraint.

"They have made their answer already," he said. "I mean," he corrected himself, "an answer has already been given. But this answer, which has come to you to-night, is not the answer of the union. This is the wild, the desperate answer of deluded men. But this—this, though not the answer of the union, or of organized labor to organized capital, yet is retribution. You have cried out and complained that you have been set adrift upon a sea of revolution, and you have thought it sport to rock the boat."

"But you have not seen the mind of the mob. You have added so much to the burden, already heavy, that the laborers have seen only to bend still lower beneath the load, or else to throw it off altogether. To-night," he added slowly and impressively, "I see that they have chosen the latter alternative."

He returned to the window, and, like an artist exhibiting some new and valuable picture, threw up the shade and pointed out.

Where the great black spot had marked the site of the factories of the Darlon-American Company, now red and yellow flames leaped into the sky, and as the night wind fanned them higher and higher, the lights of the tenement district which had seemed brilliant before paled in comparison. Even from the hill it could be discerned that the flames had not spread or progressed far, but that they had recently been lighted in scores of places, so that in a very few moments almost the entire district was in flames. And as they watched, from the few blocks which still had remained dark, fires broke out suddenly and crept rapidly from the streets to the tops of the buildings. The work of the incendiaries was quite complete.

So sudden and unexpected was it all, however, that the twelve men who had kept themselves in ignorance of the conditions in the city stood unmoved and failed at first to comprehend the full significance of the fires, and they stared down astonished and with stranger wonder, as young Darlon went on.

"The officers of the union," he said sadly, "have done all they could to prevent this thing. They warned the police, the militia, and the fire department, but the Anarchists have circumvented them all. For it is not the union, it is not the workers who have risen to-night. The union has lost this fight—and this, this, gentlemen, is a blow from which it can recover less readily than you. The union is concerned with the oldest question in the world of man in his relation to man. It may show some day that every man on earth is his brother's keeper—and it shall not show it thus." He motioned again to the burning buildings. "You have said that the slums would not rise, that anarchy and revolt would wear itself out or be suppressed. Need I tell you now that the slums have risen to-night?"

All at once the twelve men about the table recollected themselves and they cried out excitedly and incoherently to each other. Only the president of the company stood quiet in his place and gazed bitterly down upon his burning factories. As, with the sudden impulse, the others crowded toward the en-

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THE MIDDLE GROUND

(Continued from page 24)

trance, young Darlon, glancing quickly down the hillside, sprang forward, and, closing the heaving sliding doors, locked them and put the key in his pocket. "Do you suppose that the men who would do that," and he pointed again to the flaming buildings, "will stop there? Listen! What is that?"

A shot, rapidly followed by another, which pierced the bay window of the dining-room, sounded from the lawn. Young Darlon stepped boldly to the case-ment and fastened the curtains down, while the others crowded themselves into the corners, except old Darlon himself, who, quite unmoved, aided his son in blowing out the candles which burned upon the table.

For a moment the men crouched in suspense, when suddenly there was a heavy explosion outside; the thick glass in the bay window cracked from top to bottom and crashed in, cutting the curtains to shreds. Almost before the broken glass ceased to tinkle upon the floor, a hand appeared on the sill outside, and with an effort a tall, dark figure vaulted up and stood in silhouette from the red glare of the burning city. The others, after the explosion, had instinctively drawn back and, unaccustomed to the darkness, stared stupidly at the intruder, who raised a derringer and swung it about in a half-circle. He was a tall, thin man, and in the glare from the fire his face seemed very red. He was not bearded, but his unshaven chin was rough and black. His eyes, though sunk deep in his head, seemed to gleam from the shadow of his heavy brows, and his great frame shook as does a man with epilepsy or a strong body under the influence of a drug. For a moment he stood silent, scrutinizing the group before him as he held them immovable, and then:

"Which of you," he asked calmly, "will go to his home in hell, for the rest? I will take one. I want Darlon if I can get him," he added grimly, "but in the dark that hound of hell looks like the rest. You're all about the same breed, I guess."

He waited a moment, and no one spoke or moved. The fire in the city was spreading rapidly and, blown by the breeze, began to consume the tall frame tenements beyond the factories. The sky was becoming brighter and brighter, and as the Anarchist half turned and his profile became distinct, young Darlon recognized the man. Half of a broken handcuff upon his left wrist and his bloody right arm told a part of what the Anarchist had been through that evening, and, though young Darlon knew Svenski as the most violent and desperate of all his fearless gang, he crept imperceptibly nearer the man with the derringer.

The Anarchist looked about with a leer and laughed crazily. "Come," he snarled, "come. Where is the master who bears so hard that it is easy for me to convince his slaves to be free? Come," he croaked, "come and be executed." He chuckled to himself with a peculiar choking laughter. From a distance sounded three or four shots, and a man appeared running toward the house as Svenski again broke the silence. "Which is Darlon?" he asked significantly, leveling his pistol at the man nearest him, and, as the other pointed to the middle of the room, Svenski shifted his aim.

Darlon, however, had come forward at the second challenge. "Shoot," he said, simply and entirely without bravado. "To hell with you and the union!"

He stood a moment as a man in a duel who, having missed his shot, is waiting for his adversary to fire, and Svenski laughed triumphantly. As he saw at his mercy the great captain of industry, he waited a moment to make his shot sure, but quickly, even as he glanced along the sights, young Darlon sprang forward and, as the pistol rang out, fell backward into his father's arms.

From without came a hoarse cry, the breathless shout of an exhausted man in rage and disappointment. As the Anarchist turned and looked wildly down, holding his hands above his head, the tardy guard shot twice in quick succession from the lawn, and, spinning dizzily around, Svenski clutched frantically for a moment at a streamer from the curtain; then, slipping upon the sharp fragments of the shattered pane, fell in a heap upon the floor.

From the centre of the room rose a strange sound, the terrible anguish of a strong, proud man who denies himself grief. A broken, discordant audible thing which was not a voice cut the circle which knelt about Darlon and the form of his son. Then the old man thrust his hand down into the pocket of his son and, pulling forth the keys to the doors, flung them upon the floor. "Go," he articulated. "Go."

And Darlon, the captain of industry, the great capitalist and financier, bent over his son, and he did not know that as the others withdrew the militia captain entered and bore away the dead body of the assassin; he did not know that, too late, the guards about his grounds had been doubled. He forgot even that the factories and mills which had built up his great fortune were burning away. He forgot the tens of thousands in the city who burned him in effigy and cursed him that night, for he bent over his only son and kissed him upon the forehead.

The blood dripped slowly from the bullet-wound in the boy's chest and stained the white cloth; and the father, as he saw it, cried out hysterically so that he roused the guard beneath the window. Yet, when the soldier came in, the old man called out to leave them alone, and, taking the glass which still contained the wine he was to drink to the happy ending of the great strike, poured it between his son's lips. For a moment the eyelids fluttered and the lips tried to form some words. The old man leaned far over, and as the son recognized his father's face he smiled and tried in vain to speak aloud, so the father felt rather than heard the whispered words.

"This is not their work," he said. "The union did—not—" As he closed his eyes for the last time, he smiled peacefully and seemed quite content, for he felt that his father understood at last.

His face still wore that smile which seemed one of victory and triumph as the old man arranged the still limbs of his son upon the white cloth. He relighted four of the candles, and as he placed them at his son's head and feet, the body lay as if in state, though the napkins and unfinished wine still littered the table.

Without the cool night breeze changed its direction slightly and bore from the city a strange noise of midnight commotion which sounded weird in the darkness of the night as it resembled the busy hum of industry at noonday. Now and again a random shot or the running crash of a volley told that the militia were hard pressed and that the untold officers had lost control of the mob; while all the time the fire was spreading until it passed the tenement district and went on as if to consume the entire city, and the sky grew bright as above the setting sun. So that, seeing the great conflagration, the firemen from the suburbs and outlying precincts, as they rushed toward the heart of the city and felt for the first time the throbbing, nervous beat of its pulse, rose in their seats, and clanged excitedly for the right of way in the empty streets. And though the fire illuminating the four quarters of the heavens needed no further alarms, still to the north and the east, to the south and the west, rang out the great bells, beating the 3:11, the 4:11, and then the extreme and final emergency call, summoning more men and more engines to fight the mighty flames; and those alarms, as they boomed and rang above the uproar of the night, roused from their beds the thousands round about and went on to tell the sleeping districts beyond that the fire in the city was beyond control.

But in the room lighted by four candles, the man who could have prevented it all saw none of that which others saw that night; nor did he hear the loud alarms. For suddenly, as he sat beside his son and looked into the peaceful face of his dead, a far greater light burst before his eyes, and the alarms which he heard that night made no sound, and yet would rouse the world—for they rang for the flames which would raise no smoke and would leave no ash, but which burned in the hearts of men, and which, so far as the existing order of things was concerned, were quite beyond control.

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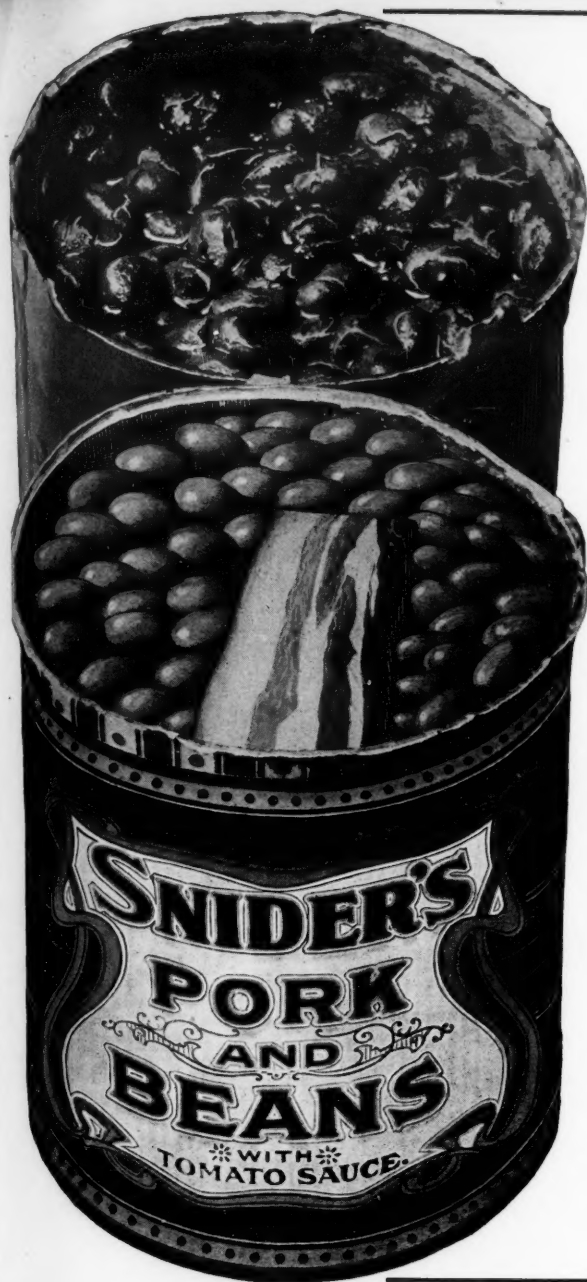
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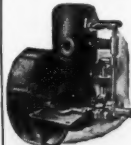
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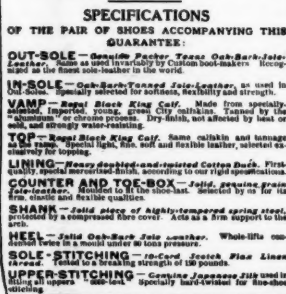
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